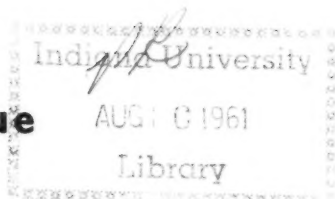




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LETTERS

FROM CUBA

I have been receiving *Eastern Horizon* regularly, and get great pleasure from it. It is beautifully produced in addition to containing some first-class reading. I note that it costs you a small fortune to mail it by air and am most grateful—perhaps if you are going to be paying anything for the articles you will deduct the cost of the sub and airmail.

Enclosed is another possible Havana Letter.

It seems quite possible that I shall visit some other South American countries later in the year, but nothing is definite and I shall be here until further notice.

CEDRIC BELFRAGE

Miramar, Havana

'A NEW LITERARY STAR'

Please accept my heartiest congratulations for your inspiring, nay spectacular, monthly *Eastern Horizon*. A new literary star has surely, with its birth, appeared on our Eastern horizon. Granted good support, as Edmund Blunden wrote in the *Yomiuri*, Tokyo, it will grow from better content to better content. Of that, I am positive. Until then, I wish it luck.

OOI TAW CHIEW

5, La Salle Street,
Singapore 15.

A LITTLE LEAVENING IN THE ACADEMIC WORLD

It is a joy to continue receiving the *Eastern Horizon* and a greater joy to send an article to it . . .

I was concerned to read in Dr Needham's letter that the Cambridge University Library declined to subscribe to *Eastern Horizon* probably because they regarded it as a little too popular. Thank heaven, the magazine is 'a little too popular'. . . . It is time there was a little leavening in the academic world. More strength to your elbow!

All the best.

T. P. AMERASINGHE

Ceylon

WORK TOWARDS A BETTER UNDERSTANDING . . .

Having been introduced to your Monthly by Gerald Glaskin, and enjoying it very much, I find that I admire its principles and what it is attempting. Anything that works towards a better understanding between East and West can only be good.

I am a writer, actor and poet in this country of mine, and very shortly, playwright. I find that my Asian (students) audiences are among the most perceptive and understanding. This, when they have to learn the language, is some indication to us over here of the tremendous cultural drive that we hear so much about.

I wonder if you would do me the service of putting me in contact with an Asian Writer that would like to exchange ideas on creative work. I find that in a country as large as mine such kindred spirits are widely dispersed and not easily contacted. I also am interested in how the Asian approaches his creative writing. There are, to me, already apparent differences between the English, French, and Australian writer in the substance of his creative method, and an exchange of views on this would be most interesting to me.

DAVID BUTLER

12 Kerr Street,
West Leederville,
Perth,
Western Australia

A MAGAZINE IN NEED

I am enclosing a check for \$34, to begin subscribing to your magazine. Also I would appreciate it if you could send back Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7 and 10 to the above address. I am afraid that I have only read three issues of your magazine, but what I have read, I like. There has long been a need for a magazine like yours in, and dealing mostly with the Far East. There are too many people still in the world today who are ignorant of the many facts of life in the Far East. I hope your magazine will enjoy an expanding circulation, that will dispel some of that ignorance, as well as give pleasure to the people from many walks of life, who read your magazine for profit and pleasure. May you have every success.

M. L. BLOCK

Kowloon

DEEPLY INTERESTED IN HORIZON'S 'NEWS AND VIEWS'

I had the opportunity to have got the March issue of '*Eastern Horizon*' into my hands, sent

to the Barocktheater Museum in Zwinger in Dresden. With deepest interest I read the news and views in it. *Eastern Horizon* deserves to be called a cultural magazine for giving the best appreciation of the fast developing East. I thank you very much for sending us this review.—Will it be obtainable in DDR book shops?—

With best wishes for your further success.

MARIA A. FIELINSKI

Dresden

FROM AN AUSTRALIAN SUBSCRIBER

Please find enclosed money order to the value of three pounds, for two years' Subs. for the above paper. I would be very grateful if it could be started at Vol. 1 No. 1; if not as early as possible. Thanking you and wishing '*Eastern Horizon*' every success in its effort to show us 'down below' the culture and dignity of our near neighbours, which is something not shown in our local press.

Thanking you again.

FRED SALWAY

95, Wright Street,
Hurstville,
New South Wales,
Australia

A MODERN MARCO POLO WRITES TO LEWIS GEN

I make bold to write and tell you how much I admire your little bits of translations of the *Four Books* in your review of Legge in the current issue of E.H.

I suggest you should translate the *Four Books* yourself which must be as light and airy and simple and never ponderous.

(SIGNED)

Hong Kong

LEWIS GEN'S ANSWERS TO THE ABOVE

I exulted to read your note. It made me so happy, for the words of approval came from such an unusual master of English who is himself unanimously recognised as one of the best, if not the best, contributors of our magazine.

I am a man having had little regular education, but rather bold. Some years ago I translated three of the *Four Books*—Ta Hsuo, Chung Yung, and Mencius, and had them published by instalment in a local English weekly. However, I have grown quite a little less confident since I heard of your translation of Chinese poems. The feeling is somewhat like what Li Po expresses in one of his poems:

*Though I have one thousand poems more
in my bosom,
Yet, my fear is, Tsui Hao may be there
before me.*

Many thanks for your encouragement.

LEWIS GEN.

Hong Kong

THE JOURNAL IS PLAYING A USEFUL ROLE

We have been receiving the *Eastern Horizon* ever since its first appearance. I congratulate you on the continued production of such an excellent journal. I personally have enjoyed very much reading contributions by Professor Keith Buchanan, Dr Needham, K. A. Abbas, Husein Rofé and others. My colleagues in the Department of Geography as well as members of the East Pakistan Geographical Society are interested in the cross section of the material published in the *Eastern Horizon*. We feel that the journal is playing a useful role in focusing attention on the problems of the East so that an understanding is being duly promoted between the East and the West.

We have gladly entered into an exchange between our twice-yearly journal the *Oriental Geographer* and the *Eastern Horizon* and I hope that in future this exchange will continue. The *Oriental Geographer* mainly publishes geographical studies on Pakistan as well as other parts of the eastern world and one of the main objectives is the promotion of international understanding.

NAFIS AHMAD

Department of Geography,
University of Dacca,
Pakistan
Rumna, Dacca,

FROM SWEDEN

You have been kind enough to send me of volume I of *Eastern Horizon* Nos. 5, 6 and 7. I have read these two issues with the greatest interest and I want to make a subscription for volume 1, so would you please send me Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 8 and so on. I am enclosing a cheque for 1 pound and 10 sh. including an annual subscription for Sweden and post free by the surface mail according to your offer.

PROFESSOR FINN SANDBERG

KUNGL. FARMACEUTISKA INSTITUTET

Kungstensgatan 49,
Stockholm Va,
Sweden

EASTERN HORIZON

monthly review

To our New Readers:

A limited number of copies of back issues are still available at our Editorial Offices, 155 Wongneichong Road, Happy Valley, Hong Kong. Place your orders NOW!

Number 1 includes:

- | | |
|----------------|---|
| Joseph Needham | <i>The Dialogue of Europe and Asia</i> |
| A. C. Scott | <i>Cheongsam: Invention of the Devil?</i> |
| Mulk Raj Anand | <i>The Brothers (a short story)</i> |

Number 2 includes:

- | | |
|----------------|-------------------------------------|
| Han Suyin | <i>Social Changes in Asia</i> |
| Edmund Blunden | <i>China in English Literature</i> |
| G. M. Glaskin | <i>The Gollywog (a short story)</i> |

Number 3 includes:

- | | |
|---------------|--------------------------------------|
| Herbert Read | <i>Transformation in China</i> |
| Takeshi Saito | <i>Meeting of Different Cultures</i> |
| K. A. Abbas | <i>The Boy who Moved a Mountain</i> |

Number 4 includes:

- | | |
|-------------------|--|
| Keith M. Buchanan | <i>Understanding Asia</i> |
| Li Ko-jan | <i>On Landscape Painting</i> |
| S. C. Edirisinghe | <i>Dance and Magic Drama in Ceylon</i> |

Number 5 includes:

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------------------------------|
| A Modern Marco Polo | <i>An Asian Views Life in Britain</i> |
| John Blofeld | <i>Ch'an, Zen or Dhyāna</i> |
| Robin Mancely | <i>The Discovery of Peking Man</i> |

Number 6/7 include:

- | | |
|----------------|----------------------------------|
| Joseph Needham | <i>Archaeology in China</i> |
| Edmund Blunden | <i>An Oriental Paradise Lost</i> |
| Cheng Chen-to | <i>Sung Dynasty Painting</i> |

Number 8/9 include:

- | | |
|-----------------|---------------------------------------|
| Cedric Belfrage | <i>Cuban Impressions</i> |
| Lewis Bush | <i>Sightseeing (a short story)</i> |
| Husein Rofé | <i>Oriental Appreciation of Noses</i> |

Numbers 10 & 11 include:

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------------------------------|
| Jasim Uddin | <i>Three Poems from Bengal</i> |
| Mulk Raj Anand | <i>Rabindranath Tagore</i> |
| D. Guyver Britton | <i>The East-West Music Encounter</i> |

EASTERN DIARY

How to endure the heat becomes the burning question of the hour for everyone. The classical Chinese lay-out for a summer bungalow specifies to have it surrounded on three sides by lotus ponds, the remaining side by a bamboo plantation. The lotus must be so thickly grown as to cover every inch of surface of water. Some people go further and spread their dining table among the bamboos; for luncheon they dig deep down among the roots, there to find and roast the tenderest sprouts of bamboo shoots. This was supposed to produce a refreshingly cool effect, most damaging however to the bamboos. An aid to secure a cool night is to use a long rectangular-shaped pillow made of bamboo or lacquer, presenting in rotation four surfaces to the fevered head. The Cantonese have them even made of cold porcelain. Nowadays science invents the air-conditioner to bring cooling into the bedroom. People may be divided into those who work in coolness and those who work in sweat or in the sun. It is strange, however, that men always like a change. One finds that those who work in comfort will seek their pleasure in the midday sun, and that those who have sweated in the sun will relax in a cool shade. Adding up the scores apparently there isn't too much difference between the two, except that the one was free to seek the sun for pleasure and the other was not. However, a placid mind will absorb much heat, even in discomfort.

Heat, and to it must be added humidity, would seem to play a major role in creativity, especially in the aesthetic field. Cyril Connolly in *The Encounter* claims that all the art trea-

tures of the world are concentrated between the northern parallels of 40° and 60°. He would be right if he modified it to 20° and 40° for Asia, including then China, Japan and India. An exception would perhaps be made of North America which have been more acquisitive than creative. Granting the very large part played by economy, climate no doubt had been the chief factor and would explain what happened in China where geniuses had been extremely rare south of the Ranges. At the same time men where they live in air-conditioned rooms in summer and over-heated houses in winter seem to lose their creative potential rapidly, hence the sterility of North America and the immigrants. An interesting phenomenon is taking place in the American negro. Whereas in time past they lived in slavery, the music produced was the common Jazz and folk songs, what one would call slave culture. Now that some of them like Duke Ellington have advanced in social life, they are producing a new kind of Jazz which Kingsley Amis places above some European classical music. One could now imagine these new composers having all the modern comfort gadgets, and it would be interesting to muse how long will it be before they go sterile under these anti-climatal conditions.

A handful of the British minority is always discussing the merits of the different kinds of culture. Mention is being made of the following types: Socialist, Working-class, Middle-class, Real, High, Plural, Minority, Common, Organic, Mass, Folk, Unified, Observer, etc. etc. . . . The truth seems to be that, apart

from the Old Working Class anthropological way of life, where even today over 4,000,000 houses have no bath-room, the English has had but one culture right through history which may be called Traditional, Caste or Snob. (Perhaps the last two epithets already betray the outsider!) All this searching for new syntheses seems but scratching in the dark, a wild-goose chase, after the British Left had blindly, irrationally and almost irretrievably eschewed Marxism which fact though in itself a wonderful tribute to the success of propaganda, nevertheless constituting a crushing handicap to their national future because it at once quite unnecessarily cuts them off from a great deal of advance thought and modern endeavour. What the British have-nots are trying to do is really to become culturally haves. Hence the institution of the Great Rat-Race, which is one of the most pathetic at the same time cruel strains imposed upon their present generation of young children. Listen to one of the winners:

'I was born into a lower-class family, none of whose members, on either side, had been even to secondary school, but at eleven I took an examination . . . and was sent free to the county grammar school . . . By eighteen I was a gentleman, beyond hope of reprieve. I had been radically separated from my home and relations . . . by a genuine and inevitable introduction into a new mental world'. (Martin Green in A Mirror for Anglo-Saxons. Longmans.)

He could not fit in, finding the upper English classes 'unluridly dead' . . . of the 'deeply offensive . . . port-wine voices . . . soaked in a sweet, rich arrogance of caste'. Naturally the line of least resistance for him lay in America and we leave him to stew there. This artificial forcing to culture on unsuitable soil will not solve anything for the British, not the helpless gropings of their intellectuals after filleted new cultures.

Actually the prevalent culture in Britain now and for at least another generation is the Observation-culture, involving no

effort on one's part, just press a button or turn a knob, lie back in the sofa (on hire purchase) and one shall be provided with what to see, hear, and think: even in sports others shall do the sweating.

For the rest, just cultivate the front garden, tinker with the car and withdraw from the world. Such is the state a people fall into when they turn a blind eye to half the world*.

Otherwise the British still emit occasional flashes of brilliance, like the Earl de la Warr, Chairman of the United Kingdom Committee for the Freedom from Hunger Campaign. He maintained that surpluses of food in the United States and elsewhere were irrelevant to the problem of world hunger.

'Everywhere the cry is for independence. Dependence on charity is not independence. Our function must be to help the under-nourished to feed themselves' China Mail.

The other side of the Atlantic seems to present even a darker picture. Paul Goodman in *Growing Up Absurd* observes 'the barrenness of its culture, the commercialism, the vulgarity, the economic and social conformity, the tension of the rat-race, and holds it responsible for the current phenomena of the Beats and the Juvenile Delinquents, the *Early-Resigned* and the *Early-Fatalistic*. This leads to what, by American standards, is dangerous thought . . . there is another class, the cynical runners in the rat-race who need the rewards but do not value their work. And at the back looms the failure of a great nation to give its citizens enough to live for . . . ' This is from Cyril Connolly's review in the *Sunday Times*.

The lesson for Afro-Asians is a piquant one. In face of the inadequacy of Euro-

* When long before the end of the century the monopolistic meritocrats, far from all-British but containing a sprinkling of hand-picked grammar school boys, shall have possessed the tortured remains of Traditional Culture, manipulating as today the doped masses of Observation Culture, the remnants of the Left, far fewer now, shall perhaps be still arguing over narrow private definitions.

pean, British and American cultures to meet the new problems of the latter half of the twentieth century, what guide have they left? The answer would be two-fold, on the one hand search out what they have in themselves of their own cultures and develop them, on the other make wider choices and researches from among the other nations.

How Mr. Goodman classifies American society is also interesting:

I. Organised System:

1. Workers.

2. Organisation men.

3. Managers.

II. Poor.

III. Independents, 'the old-fashioned, the eccentric, the criminal, the gifted, the serious, the men and women (sic), the *rentiers*, the infants and so forth. This motley collection has, of course, no style or culture, unlike the organisation that has our familiar American style and popular culture.'

How very similar to that of our MMP on British Society (vide *Eastern Horizon* No. 4)!

SUB.



ON MANY HORIZONS *news and views*

How to Save a Marriage

The people from a tiny fishing village in Okinawa saved their marriages from 'going on the rocks' by placing the quarrelling husband and wife on rocks two miles out to sea, according to reports reaching here yesterday.

The fishing folk from Gaanka village facing the East China Sea claimed they had not had a divorce in 50 years.

When couples quarrelled, they were taken to Otofushi, locally known as Divorce Rock, and left there for the night with nothing but a blanket.

The tiny coral encrusted island had no trees or vegetation to protect the couple from the elements. The only thing they could do to keep warm during the night was to share the blanket.

Villagers said by morning differences were forgotten and the marriage saved.

Seichi Yamashiro, an elderly villager, claimed 'it always works.'

Reuter, Tokyo, May 25

A Dying Policy

The revolutions in South Korea and Iran, following the disorders in Laos and South Vietnam, are a warning that in Asia the policy of containment by American satellite states is breaking down. In all four of these countries the governments have been our clients, indeed they have been our creations. All of them are crumbling, and in the last analysis they are all crumbling for the same reason. In relation to the rising popular feeling of independence and the rising popular expectations of material welfare, these American client states are not only corrupt but they are intolerably reactionary. The fact that they are also under the protection of a foreign and non-Asian power is an additional liability.

By Walter Lippmann, N.Y., *Herald Tribune*

Ten Thousand Arrested In South Africa

Police made a new swoop on African townships early today, arresting an undisclosed number of organisers of a three-day stay-at-home protest next week against the Republic and apartheid.

Senior police said it was only the beginning

of an 'intensive round-up.'

It is unofficially estimated that in three weeks the dragnet has picked up 8,000 to 10,000 non-whites throughout the country.

Raids were made on Witwatersrand, in Capetown, Durban, Port Elizabeth, Pretoria, Bloemfontein, Kimberley and other centres.

Reuter, Johannesburg, May 24

Reign Of Terror in Angola

The Luanda correspondent of *The Observer* reported today that the reign of terror in Angola had been followed by 'savage precautions' by the authorities.

The correspondent said these 'precautions,' extending to the hitherto peaceful South, included the arrest of almost every illiterate African, 1,500 in the Lobito area. He said the disappearance of the arrested Africans had given rise to 'the most sinister fears.'

An African's ownership of a wireless set or even of a bicycle was enough to make him disappear, the correspondent added.

His report said Angola was the scene of 'the most frightening moral and psychological breakdown a European colony has ever seen.'

Between 30,000 and 50,000 were thought to have died so far, nearly 1,000 of them Portuguese.

London, May 21

Greeks Ask Return of Treasures

Leading Greek intellectual institutions including the National University, the Academy and the Archaeological Society, passed a resolution requesting the British Government to return the 'Elgin Marbles' to Greece, it was disclosed today.

These include statues and other works of art brought from Athens in the last century by Lord Elgin, including the Friezes of the Parthenon now in the British Museum.

The question of bringing back to Greece the Grecian art treasures taken abroad has been discussed for some weeks in Athens.

It was rumoured here that King Paul had appealed personally to Queen Elizabeth to return the art masterpieces now in England.

AFP, Athens, May 21

China-Burma Exchange of Territory

Radio Peking announced today that China and Burma have completed formalities for the transfer of areas in pursuance of provisions of the boundary treaty signed between the two countries.

The Radio stated that the transfer was effected on Sunday.

According to the Radio, the affected areas were: 1, the area of Hpimaw, Gawlun and Kangfang returned to China; 2, areas under the jurisdiction of the Panhung, and Panlao tribes handed over to China, and, 3, Yawng Hok and Lungnai villages handed to China and Umhpa, Pankung, Pannawng and Pan Wai villages handed to Burma.

The Radio said that the transfer of areas had been carried out in a most cordial atmosphere.

AFP, Paris, June 5

Illegally Accumulated over £3.5 Million

The South Korean military revolutionary government in a statement tonight accused eleven of the country's wealthiest businessmen of accumulating more than the equivalent of £3.5 million in illegal wealth over the past eight years.

The Ministry of Public Information said this had been shown by a preliminary investigation into the wealth of the 11 men, 10 of whom were arrested in a police swoop last Sunday.

One of the 11, wealthiest of them all, is in Japan and has not been arrested.

The 11 men control major industries, banks and business firms.

The Ministry of Information said investigation showed the businessmen had 'illegally earned' a total of 12,623 million Hwan in Korean currency or about £3.5 million.

The Ministry said that of the total, the businessmen contributed about 3,371 million Hwan or about £926,000 to political party funds.

Reuter, Seoul, June 2

New Universal Language Introduced

A new 'universal language' called Neo—made its appearance here tonight. Its creator is Signor Arturo Alfandari, a 73-year-old Italian who settled in Belgium after the First World War.

He introduced Neo—and a 60,000 word Neo-French and French-Neo dictionary at a reception at a fashionable Brussels club.

The dictionary described Neo as 'a simplified and improved version of Esperanto.'

(Esperanto is the most widely used of the universal languages. Others include Volapuk, Interlingua, Novial and Mondial).

Mr Fernand Desonay, a Belgian academician, said: 'Alfandari's creation which represents 40 years of work has been prompted by love and by the desire to bring human beings closer together.'

Reuter, Brussels, June 8

Chinese Girl Breaks World Archery Record

Chao Su-hsia, the 19-year-old Chinese national champion, broke the world archery record in the women's 50 metres event at the Shanghai Archery Championships last week.

Reporting this today, the New China News Agency said Chao shot 36 arrows at a target 50 metres away to score 270 points.

This, the Agency claimed, improved upon the listed world record of 261 points established by Sigrid Johansson of Sweden in 1958.

A total of nine national records were improved during the Championships, which closed several days behind schedule because of interruption by rain.

Reuter, London, June 9

'Purely informal,' Mr Butler Says

Mr R. A. Butler, British Home Secretary, returned today after his holiday in Spain.

He told reporters that the dinner in Madrid at which he made his reported remarks that Spain should be 'fully incorporated in the Western world'—was 'purely informal.'

'I think the consequences of it have been exaggerated,' he declared.

He added: 'The general sense of what I said was reported but I have not the same, shall we say, wealth of language as other people.'

'I meant to convey what has always been British policy: that we should associate Spain as closely as possible with the West. There was no deeper significance.'

Reuter, London, May 29

Nations World Bank to Give India Development Aid

France Friday joined an Aid India Club of five nations and the World Bank in pledging \$2,225 million over the next two years to aid India's economic development programme.

The United States was by far the largest contributor with a pledge of \$1,045,000,000.

Others are Canada, 56 million; France, 30 million; West Germany, 364 million; Japan, 80 million and the United Kingdom 250 million.

AP, Washington, June 2

He Sacked Persia's Dance Girls

One of the first moves made by Dr Ali Amini the other day when he took over the job of Prime Minister of Persia was to sack 1,000 cabaret girls imported from Europe to entertain politicians in the Government-controlled night-clubs of Teheran.

It was the act of an extremely shrewd man. For it did much to lower the present revolutionary temperature of the turbulent country.

To the vast mass of Persians, the dancing girls are the symbol of corruption of their land. They sum up the situation in a country where the huge revenues from oil (£300 million last year) go to make fortunes for a few instead of benefits for the many.

Ostentatious private homes with kidney-shaped swimming pools and six-car garages are built while children as young as six work in carpet factories for as little as sixpence a day.

Hong Kong *China Mail*, May 29

Russia's View On Space Flights

Mr Valerian Zorin, Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister, remarked today that manned space flights should be undertaken in the interests of science and 'not in the interests of advertising.'

He had been asked to comment at a press conference on the fact that the space flight of Yuri Gagarin had been kept a secret until it was over, while the flight of commander Alan Shepard had been widely publicised beforehand.

Mr Zorin said he felt that information about Major Gagarin's flight had been adequately published.

'We are in favour of preparing for a flight in a proper scientific manner, and of the information obtained being broadly disseminated in the interests of science and not in the interests of advertising.'

Reuter, United Nations, May 23

A Visit to Soviet Union and Peking

An elderly ex-schoolteacher from New Zealand, Mrs E. M. Shepherd a member of the New Zealand and Soviet Union Friendship Society, arrived yesterday by rail from Canton.

She had just completed a six-month tour of the Soviet Union and a week's visit in Peking, where she was in daily touch with the New Zealand writer, Rewi Alley, and American authoress, Anna Louise Strong.

Mrs Shepherd said that the American authoress 'who is busy on another book,' said that the country had had no rain since September and that there was a shortage of food, but, 'I heard of no one dying of starvation.'

'I was very much impressed with the lack of unemployment and the people's lack of fear both for the present and the future, in both countries I visited,' she added.

Mrs Shepherd will be flying by Quantas today to Sydney.

S.C.M. Post, Hong Kong, June 7

Sino-Brazilian Trade Agreement

Brazil and China signed a trade agreement yesterday calling for US\$50,000,000 worth of commercial exchanges in its first phase.

China is to buy mainly cloth, wood and tobacco from Brazil, while Brazil is to import printing paper and chemical products from China.

AFP, Rio de Janeiro, May 26

Criticism after Big Manila Fire

Captain Eulogio Samio, Manila's Fire Department Chief, offered to resign today following mounting charges that his firemen extorted money to save business establishments from Friday's big fire.

However, Manila's mayor, Mr Arsenio Lacson, refused to accept it.

The charges were in the nature of reports on the fire by some Manila newspapermen. They reported that firemen would only train their hoses on buildings after their owners handed over certain sums.

The charges irked the mayor, who in turn attacked certain newsmen engaging in 'sensationalism' and reporting 'unfounded rumours.'

Mr Lacson said he was at the fire, which destroyed Manila's entire Binondo district and caused damage estimated at between US\$25,000,000 to US\$50,000,000.

Mr Lacson has ordered a full inquiry into the charges. Most of those who complained, according to the newspapers, were Chinese businessmen.

AFP and Reuter, Manila, May 22

The Emergence of Black Africa

Keith M. Buchanan

Within the last two years a whole new world has come into being in Africa. In the Congo Belgian paternalism, the most developed and efficient of all the forms of colonialist exploitation, has collapsed; death in Africa always brings the vultures and in the Congo the looters and assassins are at work trying to dismember the body politic of the country. In West Africa the great bloc of French territories has broken up into a patchwork of states, some, like Guinea, socialist in their orientation, others tied in more closely to the economic and strategic policies of France. In the Cameroons, the hinge between Western and Central Africa, the biggest tribal groups are engaged in a savage guerilla war against a government they regard as a French or Western puppet regime. In Southern Africa the Union has left the Commonwealth and continues its trek into a nineteenth century dream world; it is nonetheless using the twentieth century weapons, the bomb and the Sten gun, to smash the Pondoland revolt and is increasingly on a war footing. The Central African Federation is disintegrating under the combined pressure of African nationalism and white racialism. In Angola African revolts are at last beginning to shake the centuries-old cobwebbed but rigidly authoritarian grip of the Portuguese on their colonies. And elsewhere Sierra Leone is becoming independent as I write, Tanganyika at the end of the year, Nigeria last year . . . In no part of the world have constitution-

al lawyers and draftsmen had so much continuous work to do; nowhere have there been such abrupt changes in the colours of the political map.

Political change is one aspect of change in Africa. Technological and economic change represents another aspect. Africa is recapitulating the last fifteen hundred years of European history in a couple of decades. The grafting of the new on to the old, the imported on to the traditional, is still raw. The young African doctor studies the use of radioactive isotopes in medicine but still thinks of, may half believe in, the power of fetish. Nowhere has this often incongruous juxtaposition of old and new been better illustrated than in a recent news photo of Kalonji, ruler of Congo's Kasai Province and King of the Baluba, a ruler in European suit with leopard skin apron, with a crown of industrial diamonds, with witch doctor and steel-helmeted Sten-gunner in his escort, and with European advisers in the background . . . And what of economic development? The *increasing pace of economic development* is indicated by the fact that the total external investment in sub-Saharan Africa over the last decade has been nearly six billion dollars—as much as was invested over the seventy years between 1871 and the Second World War. The *gross inequalities in the pattern of development* are emphasised by the fact that, of this total, almost five billion dollars has been invested in three territories—the Union, the

Rhodesias and the Congo. Almost five-sixths went thus, to territories containing one-fifth of Black Africa's population. And it went into these territories, not because of Belgian blandishments or for love of Welensky or the Afrikaners but because these are the territories with raw materials—the gold and copper and uranium and the other products needed by the industrial and military machines of the West.

Under these conditions it has come about that economic progress has been greatest in precisely those territories where the political progress of the African has been least; or, to put it another way, in the emergent territories of Western and Central Africa political progress has been unaccompanied by the economic changes—and especially the industrialisation—which alone can give political progress any real meaning. The uneven penetration of the political and economic revolutions lies at the very core of Africa's problems today.

Africa—Point of Departure

If we are to understand Africa we have, right at the beginning, to clear from our minds a current, major and unforgivable misconception—that of the uniformity of Africa, its landscape and people. Africa—'the black man and the thorn tree'—this was the concept of the South African geographer Schwarz. This is nonsense, dangerous and misleading nonsense. We have instead a diversity of environments, from hot desert to rain forest, from mangrove-swamps to glaciers. Many of these have been profoundly altered by man; in the South Congo man has pushed back the forest margins by between 400 and 600 kilometres since he first occupied the area; they are still being altered—in the last decade Africa's forest area has decreased by one-tenth. The *process* of change is ubiquitous—there are few 'natural' landscapes in Africa. The *rate*

and degree of change varies, for it depends on the culture and technology of the occupying groups; the rice-eaters of Sierra Leone thus destroy the forest more swiftly than the yam-eaters of Nigeria, the cattle-keeping peoples of East Africa most drastically of all . . .

This vast and *varied* continent was inhabited even before the European came by a great diversity of peoples. In the far south there were Bushman hunting groups, in the north and northeast were nomadic pastoralists. Much of the upland eastern margin was occupied by Bantu peoples who had a mixed economy based on crops and stock; over humid lowland Africa there were purely agricultural groups. There were areas within which each group, even each family, was practically self-sufficient, with no tradition or techniques of marketing. Elsewhere, as in West Africa, craft specialisation was well advanced and a highly developed system of internal trade, with organized markets and specialized traders, had long existed. Politically, the pattern was equally varied—a threefold pattern of states and chiefdoms and anarchies. In West Africa there were powerful centralized states such as the Moslem emirates of the Sudan zone or the kingdoms of Ashanti or Dahomey. These neo-Sudanic states may have been inspired by developments in the old Mediterranean world; they are paralleled, mirror-imaged, south of the rain forest by the complex Rhodesian civilization which focussed on Zimbabwe. Elsewhere, there were loose tribal aggregates organized under chiefs such as the tribal units of the Congo or Southern Africa; here groups such as the Sotho, Tswana or Nguni are examples. Finally, over much of Africa were groups lacking any specialized institutions or recognizable political authorities; in extreme cases the organisation was completely 'atomistic' and the largest group might count not more than a hundred souls.

The peoples of Africa, then, varied greatly among themselves; they also met

the intruders from Europe at different times and under different conditions. In Eastern Central and Southern Africa (including the Katanga) where climate makes white settlement feasible and where the exposure of the basement rocks of Africa makes accessible a great wealth of minerals Africans have known Europeans as permanent settlers and as contenders for political domination. This is the zone where the problem of race relations and of the plural society is most acute. In the lowland tropics of West and Equatorial Africa they have known the whites as traders, missionaries, administrative officers or the directors of commercial enterprises. These whites are transients, not greatly interested in retaining political control. In the Congo, contact with the whites goes back to the sixteenth century; in South Africa to the mid-seventeenth century; in East Africa only to the mid-nineteenth century . . . These Europeans brought with them contrasting colonial and racialist policies—the racial exclusiveness and domination of the Afrikaner, the assimilation and racial tolerance of the French, the shrewdly calculating paternalism of the Belgians, the snobbish, muddling, but ultimately flexible policies of the British (made-to-measure, a variant for each territory, based on principles *almost* elastic enough to accommodate within one Commonwealth Nkrumah and Verwoerd, Wlen-sky and Mboya).

The problems of Africa today arise from these earlier patterns of African society, from the centuries of contact with Europeans and Asians, and from the widely contrasting conditions under which the traditional societies and the immigrants came into contact . . . At least three groups of variables, interacting in each territory to produce a complex, almost tartan pattern. But the pattern is flawed by the often geometrical frontiers resulting from the scramble for Africa, frontiers drawn at distant conference tables, frontiers which, like Topsy, 'just

grew'—in periods of imperial absent-mindedness, frontiers which cut and scarred the living body of Africa like ritual mutilations or amputations . . .

The reckless political surgery of the nineteenth century left a legacy of problems. Political frontiers have little relation to economic or tribal realities. From West Africa to Ethiopia and from Ethiopia down into the Congo there is raw material, potentially explosive raw material, for a dozen minority or boundary issues. The very lack of logic behind existing political boundaries may, however, be a blessing in disguise since it may sharpen the drive towards those various types of confederation or regional grouping which are economically so necessary. Within the arbitrarily-bounded units of the emerging African nation-state the old tribal loyalties remain strong. In Nigeria they are projected on to the political plane, for the dominant party in each Region is a tribal party—the Action Party is Yoruba, the NPNC is Ibo and the Northern Peoples Congress is Hausa and Muslim. In Ghana, too, the cleavage between Government and Opposition follows tribal lines and in Kenya the Kenya African Congress was largely Kikuyu. How effective these tribal distrusts and antagonisms can be, if deliberately used by those who want to 'divide and rule,' is, of course, illustrated by the sequence of recent events in the Congo. These cleavages remain; they have, indeed, been increased by the impact of the West for education has penetrated unevenly because of accessibility, government policy or the greater receptiveness of certain tribal groups to new ideas; consequently official and white collar jobs may seem to be monopolised by particular tribes and other groups are resentful of what might seem to be tribal imperialisms . . . These, and related problems arise out of the fact that African society, even outside the white settler areas, is characteristically a plural society, or, more strictly, a cellular

society, though its ethnic and cultural diversity is concealed by similarities of skin colour. Only with social and economic change, which will create class groups and political groups transcending tribal and political boundaries, will this situation change . . .

There have been times when I have thought that such economic and social change, creating class groups—and especially a working class group—transcending colour lines would be the solution to the critical problems posed in the white settler territories. This, however, assumes a time scale which is unrealistic in the present day southern African context. The dominant facts here are the existence of long-established and rapidly growing white settler groups; the monopoly of political power and the near-monopoly of the better land by the whites; the rate of economic and especially industrial expansion; and the dominance of large-scale capitalism. Given the present situation and the ever-pressing need for the capitalist to expand his production and enlarge his market; and given that expansion of both production and markets depends on urbanisation and rising living levels among the Africans I think we must look for the ultimate opposition to apartheid in the capitalist rather than the working classes. Settler Africa and especially the Union has, then, two revolutions to go through—a political revolution which will dethrone the dominant segregationist theories, which are derived from a rural patriarchal society; secondly, a social revolution which will establish the rights of the African, not *vis-a-vis* the white government but the white employer group . . .

At this point we may recapitulate: sub-Saharan Africa breaks up into two major groups of states on the basis of its human pattern—the white settler states of southern and eastern Africa and the black states of lowland tropical Africa. The former as we have seen, are the most advanced economically but most retarded

politically. The bloc is by no means homogeneous: Tanganyika becomes independent shortly and the domination of the white man in Kenya becomes monthly more precarious. Further south, pressure in the Central African Federation may well disintegrate it, with the evolution of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland as black states; such a development might be not unwelcome to the mining groups of the Copper Belt. Under these conditions, Southern Rhodesia and the Union will stand isolated, as white racist states whose patterns of settlement and land utilisation and whose industrial development will be strait-jacketed by a segregationist ideology. The black states of lowland Africa are all 'cellular societies'—tribal and ethnic contrasts are often as sharp *within* them as *between* them. Federation of some sort is emerging as an answer to their problems—though at present it is chiefly the poorer states who show the greatest enthusiasm for federation (e.g. Guinea). *Within* national boundaries the pressure for 'balkanisation' into tribal units continues, encouraged by those who hope still to 'divide and rule;' only the charismatic ruler such as Nkrumah or radical and territory-wide political parties can offset this tendency.

Equality in Poverty

So far I have stressed some of the factors making for human diversity in Africa. I've said comparatively little of the economic problems which give an underlying unity to Black Africa, including even those states where the black man is carrying a considerable white burden. This unity, this state of 'equality in poverty' becomes increasingly important as colonial control weakens. Throughout Africa, from the overcrowded reserves of the Cape to the margins of the Sahara, from Zanzibar in the east to Dakar in the West, the African masses and the emergent African states face the same

problems of poverty. And this poverty not only provides a unity within Africa; it steps across boundaries of colour and speech and across the geographical boundaries of the oceans to link Africa with Latin America and Asia, binding together one and a quarter billion people in a vast 'fellowship of the dispossessed,' a 'commonwealth of poverty.'

Ché Guevara, the left-wing economist who became Fidel Castro's right-hand man, expresses this idea in his volume entitled *Guerilla Warfare*. Says Guevara:

'The tendencies to unification of the peoples are no longer given by their religions, by their customs, by their appetites, by their racial affinities or lack of them; they are given by the economic similarities of their social conditions and by the similarity of their desire for progress and recovery. Asia and Africa have shaken hands at Bandung, Asia and Africa are coming to shake hands with colonial and indigenous America here in Havana.'

Let us look briefly at 'the economic similarities of their social conditions' which give a unity to the countries of Black Africa: they are expressed in the concept 'underdeveloped'. An 'underdeveloped' country, says the American writer Paul Hoffman:

'Is a country characterized by poverty, with beggars in the city and villages eking out a bare subsistence in the rural areas. It is a country lacking in factories of its own, usually with inadequate supplies of power and light. It usually has insufficient roads and railroads, insufficient government services, poor communications. It has few hospitals, a few institutions of higher learning. Most of its people cannot read or write. In spite of the generally prevailing poverty of the people, it may have isolated islands of wealth with a few persons living in luxury. Its banking system is poor; small loans have to be obtained through money-lenders who are often little better than extortionists. Another striking characteristic of an underdeveloped country is that its exports . . . usually consist almost entirely of raw materials, ores, or fruits . . . Often the extraction or cultivation of these raw material exports is in the hands of foreign companies . . .' (1)

Hoffman's characterization of an under-

developed country can be supplied to any of the African states, or, indeed, to Africa as a whole. The wide-spread and desperate poverty is illustrated by an average per capita income ranging from £10 to £45 a year according to territory. Economic diversification has scarcely begun over much of the continent. Grubbing subsistent economies occupy between one-quarter and four-fifths of the land. Export production is dangerously specialised—groundnuts represent 93 per cent of Gambia's exports, cocoa 56 per cent of Ghana's exports, copper and tobacco 67 per cent of the exports of the Central African Federation. Modern industry is little developed; outside the Union it employed only 450,000 workers in the mid-1950s and 167,000 of these were in the Congo. And, as a consequence and a cause of poverty, illiteracy rates range between 75 per cent and 95 per cent and the incidence of disease and malnutrition⁽²⁾ is heavier than in any other continent.

Why Poverty?

The poverty of the new African states is scarcely due to a poverty of resources. It's true that until a good deal more geological and soil mapping has been done we won't really know just how rich Africa is . . . But there seems, on the face of it, no reason why the old rocks of West Africa or the Sahara should be much poorer in minerals than the basement rocks of Southern Africa—and recent discoveries include some spectacular deposits . . . And in addition to minerals there is a great range of agricultural raw materials, forest products and the like and very great resources in the shape of coal and water power and oil and radioactive minerals. The determina-

(1) Quoted by L. Huberman in 'Which way for Latin America?' in *Monthly Review* (New York), March 1961.

(2) 'Laboratory rats fed on a typical African's diet will eat their own offspring.' *New Scientist*, Aug. 20, 1959.

tion of the Belgians to hang on to the Katanga, the haste with which some of the biggest West European and North American capitalist groups got together to exploit bauxite in Guinea or iron in Mauritania⁽³⁾ or the power potential of the French Congo shows that the more hard-headed business folk are pretty certain that the resources are there and capable of being exploited at a handsome profit.

The poverty of Black Africa arises not so much from lack of natural resources but from the fact that the development of these resources has taken place within a colonialist framework. The African territories have been regarded as sources of raw materials and as important markets for West European and American industry. No significant industrialisation was initiated by the old colonial powers; thus, only half of one per cent of the Colonial Development and Welfare funds were allocated to industry in the British territories, less than one per cent in the case of French Africa and, in detail, if Nigeria's Development Plan for 1951-6 allocated 3.5 per cent to industry, for 1955-60 the proportion *dropped* to 1.3 per cent. The reason is obvious—industrialisation is still regarded as a job for private capital and private enterprise—and private capital is assured of a much higher and more certain return if invested in mining and other extractive industries. Public expenditure has thus tended to be complementary to private investment; it has been largely directed towards providing the infrastructure for this exploitative economy and has been particularly concerned with improving the communications system so that the export economy could function more efficiently. Transport accounted for half the expenditure

on the first French African Modernisation Plan (1946-53) for 36 per cent of Nigeria's development expenditure (1955-62) and for 44 per cent of the expenditure under the Congo's Ten Year Development Plan (1949-59).

There has thus been a strenuous attempt to maintain the African territories as raw material producing appendages of, and as dollar-earners for, an industrialized Western Europe. The projection of this pattern into the future was clearly implied in the Treaty of Rome, which in 1957 laid the foundations of the European Economic Community, and which virtually sealed off the colonial territories of the signatories as an economic preserve of the Community.

Condition for Development

Development is possible only if the economic surplus of a country—that is, the difference between what it produces and what it consumes—is properly mobilized, invested in new skills, in factories and railways and machines to make machines, that is, if it is invested in the means of production. If this is done, there will be economic development and that diversification of the economy essential if poverty is to be wiped out. Except in the white settler territories this is *not* happening in many African territories. What *is* happening is that a good deal of the economic surplus is being siphoned abroad as profits of overseas companies; of the economic surplus that remains much is going into strictly non-productive forms of investment such as commerce and housing and the like.

To get within reach of modernisation it seems that a country should be devoting some 15 per cent of its national income to productive investment. This is sufficient to keep production ahead of growing population, permit some increase in consumption and ensure the growth of the capital base of the whole economy. In static economics the amount of saving—

(3) e.g. The Fort Gouraud deposit consisting of some 215 million tons of high grade iron ore and being developed by a four-nation grouping of companies (France, Britain, Italy and West Germany). U.N. sources estimate that the *per capita* reserves of iron ore in Africa and Latin America 'are large enough to support an iron and steel industry at least as large as any industrialized country has so far achieved.'

5-8 per cent—does little more than provide maintenance and renewals. There thus seems to be a 'sound barrier' of modernization which is pierced when the transition can be made from investing eight to 15 or more per cent of the national income. The picture over much of Africa is scarcely cheerful. In West and French Equatorial Africa investment rarely exceeds 12 per cent and is probably nearer 8 per cent. The East African territories do better, though only in Kenya does a break-through seem possible. By contrast, in Southern and Central Africa the rate of investment and scale of development have been at a level scarcely paralleled outside the Communist bloc. For a decade or so investment has been running at 20-30 per cent of the national income and the economies have been expanding at some 6 per cent a year, by comparison with the U.S.A.'s 4 per cent. As suggested earlier, it is in those countries that are most backward politically that the pace of economic development has been greatest and the great problem over much of Black Africa is to match political progress with economic progress.

The emergent nations of Black Africa are, however, determined to modernise at all costs and to modernize swiftly. They face social problems in the absence of an entrepreneurial group, in the dragging weight of the extended family system, in tribal patterns of land tenure and other tribal resistances. Above all, they face the continuing depletion of their more accessible resources and a constant drain on their economic surplus in the shape of profits remitted overseas. They cannot afford stagnation for if progress is lacking their regimes will topple. Failing western capital and interest and assistance they will look elsewhere and they will look closely at the organization of their political and economic system, for the examples of Russia and China and Cuba will suggest to them that the free enterprise system of the West is not the only possible type of development, that,

indeed, the experience of the communist bloc countries is much closer to their own and that Soviet, Chinese or Cuban assistance and models may help them to solve the critical problem of retarded and still lagging growth. Guinea, Ghana and Ethiopia—and Morocco and the United Arab Republic to the north—have already begun to think along these lines and to draw on Communist technical and financial aid. Given the difficulty of obtaining capital, the absence of a large entrepreneurial group and the consequent need for direction from above, and given the need to mobilise their greatest asset—their labour resources—through incentives other than the wage-incentive, it is likely that this trend will continue and that it will be accompanied by an increasingly rapid shift towards collectivised and socialist societies. As the American economist Heilbroner has pointed out, backward countries, like those of Africa, who are attempting the gigantic leap from poverty into decency, will turn increasingly away from capitalism. They will turn towards collectivism, he shows, because there is no other way in which they can industrialize and, he adds, 'there are strong possibilities that this collectivism will veer far to the left, whether or not it falls directly under communist hegemony.'

From the momentum of history and the logic of geographic conditions, there is, then, being born a new Africa. It will be a strange Africa, blending tribalism and relics of the free enterprise system and many features derived from the new socialist societies. It's not going to fit easily into any of our orthodox geographies or economics and its interpretation will be a major challenge to us. A critical challenge, for our ability to understand and interpret the problems of underdeveloped areas such as Africa will measure not only the maturity and utility of our specialised academic disciplines, but also our maturity and our neighbourliness in an ever-shrinking world.

Four Poems by T'ao Yuan Ming

(A.D. 365-427)

On Returning to Live in My Own Home in the Country

I

From youth I was never made for common life,
My nature was ever to love the hills and mountains.
By mischance I fell into the dusty world
And, being gone, stayed there for thirteen years.
A captive bird longs for the woods of old,
The fish in the pond dreams of its native river.
So I have returned to till this southern wild,
To a simple life in my own fields and garden.
Two acres of land surround my home,
My thatched cottage has eight or nine bays,
Willow and elm shade the courtyard,
Peach and plum spread in front of the hall.
Dim, dim in the distance lies the village,
Faintly, faintly you see the smoke of its chimneys.
A dog barks deep in the long lane,
The cock crows on the top of a mulberry tree.
There is no dust and no confusion here,
In these empty rooms, but ample space and to spare.
So long have I lived inside a cage!
Now at last I can turn again to Nature.

歸田園居

(一)

少無適俗韻，性本愛丘山；誤落塵網中，一去三十年。
羈鳥戀舊林，池魚思故淵；開荒南野際，守拙歸田園。
方宅十餘畝，草屋八九間；榆柳蔭後簷，桃李羅堂前。
曖曖遠人村，依依墟里煙；狗吠深巷中，雞鳴桑樹顛。
戶庭無塵雜，虛室有餘閒；久在樊籠裏，復得返自然。

II

I have planted beans below the southern hill;
The weeds abound—the young bean shoots are few.
Early I rise in the morning to tend my rows,
When I return with my hoe I am wearing the moonlight.
The path is narrow, the flowers and grass are tall,

And my clothes are all drenched in the dews of nightfall.
Wet clothes are little enough to bear,
But let not my purpose be abandoned ever!

(二)

種豆南山下，草盛豆苗稀；晨興理荒穢，帶月荷鋤歸。
道狹草木長，夕露沾我衣；衣沾不足惜，但使願無違。

Moving Home

There's many a fine day here in spring and in autumn
When I love to climb the hill and compose new verses.
I never pass a gate but somebody greets me;
If a man has wine he shares it with all around.
When work in the fields is done, each one goes home;
And then at leisure I think again of friends.
I think of friends—and fling my cloak on my shoulder;
For never we tire of talk and laughter together.
So are not all these things good reasons enough
Why I should not depart from this place?
But food and clothes must needs be won for a living;
My strong hand on the plough will never fail me.

移 居

春秋多佳日，登高賦新詩；過門更相呼，有酒斟酌之。
農務各自歸，閒曠輒相思；相思則披衣，言笑無厭時。
此理將不勝，無爲忽去茲；衣食當須記，力耕不吾欺。

Poem on Drinking Wine

I have built my cottage amongst the throng of men,
And yet there is no noise of horse and of carriage.
You ask me, how can it be? and I reply:
When the heart is absent the place itself is absent;
For I pick chrysanthemums under the eastern hedge,
And far away to the south I can see the mountains,
And the mountain mists are lovely at morning and evening,
While birds keep flying across and back again.
In all these things there lies a profound meaning.
I was going to explain . . . but now I forget what it was.

飲 酒

結廬在人境，而無車馬喧；問君何能爾，心遠地自偏。
采菊東籬下，悠然見南山；山氣日夕佳，飛鳥相與還。
此中有真意，欲辨已忘言。

Translated by
ANDREW BOYD

Purple Gobi

J. Hejzlar

On the left-hand side, for a thousand kilometres, runs the dazzling white mountain range of the Ch'i-lien, with its blinding snows and glaciers. On the right hand, for a distance of more than a thousand kilometres, crawls through the sand the western section of the Great Wall of China. Above the broken-down belt of stone-cased clay and rubble of which the wall is constructed rise at wearisomely regular intervals the pale crenellated towers, in whose cells Chinese soldiers, centuries ago, were homesick for the sight of swallows and for their homeland. Between the wall and the mountain range a long train was making its way westwards. Some days ago it had left behind it the Yellow River and the dusty terraces, crossed the mountain passes, traversed the steppes, where a dirty cloud above the dry, greenish-yellow grass betrayed the presence of grazing herds, and was now dragging itself through the sand and stones of the Gobi desert. The railway track was laid roughly along the same route as the old Silk Path, over which merchants and monks transported to Europe rare treasures and strange tales about the fabulous Empire of the Centre.

The train was packed to bursting with people and things. There were Chinese and Uighurs, Mongols, Tibetans, Kazbeks, Tartars and several foreigners. Nearly all vocations and professions were represented. At the back of the train

were carried cisterns, steel constructions, pipes, machines, tools, explosives. The long journey brought the passengers together. They chatted and bickered, some ate, some slept, others played cards and dominoes, and some few, who were neither speaking nor sleeping, looked out of the window. Outside a panorama unrolled on either side. For half a day the wrinkled body of a whale spread its bulk to the horizon, then the bodies of smaller fish, then followed 50 kilometres of stone ulcers, two hours of pebbles, ten kilometres of boulders, half a day of flat plain, then again a sea of stones, square, round, flat, and sand-yellow, red, violet, rough and smooth. The forms and colours of the desert changed with every kilometre. At midday, black buffalo sailed alongside the train. An optical illusion. The ground was covered with a silvery, opaque layer of hot air, in which were lost to sight the foot of stone mounds. The conversation centred mainly about Gobi, its past and its future. A well-known historian from the Palace Museum asserted that Gobi had once been a flourishing land, and carried on a dispute with geologists who, at the same time, were attentively observing the wild mountain range on the left. They explained that beneath the glaciers were concealed rich mineral resources of gold, copper, silver and pyrrhites. The glaciers themselves attracted the interest of the

hydrotechnicians. They described their plan, which seemed both simple and effective: 'The ice surfaces refract the sun's rays with their whiteness and rarefied atmosphere. The streams which run beneath the glaciers are sucked up by the burning sand at the foot of the hills. If we cover the glaciers with black ash and dark humus and thus enable them to absorb the sun's heat, then maybe we shall have rivers watering the desert. We shall first try it out on a large scale and we shall need large numbers of aircraft for the experiment'. Meanwhile somebody had made a rapid calculation: the desert regions of North China, with an area equal to about a sixth of Europe, could in future maintain a population of at least 150 million people.

The stream of conversation never ceased. Everyone had something to say. Herdsmen complained of the depredations of wolves and leopards; hunters recounted stories of the savage fierceness of the male camel; naturalists, again, made inquiries about herds of wild horses, which exist nowhere else, perhaps, than in the Altai foothills. Mention was made, too, about 'the abominable snowman'. And as one listens, it is as if a film were to unroll before one of the evolution of the human race and of its natural environment from the dawn of history to the birth of communism, a fantastic film in which whole epochs merge and interweave. Is it possible that in Gobi the beginnings and the zeniths of human history should meet?

Oil engineers spoke of railways, drivers and railwaymen of oil, doctors of the advantages of acupuncture, soldiers of their farms in the middle of the desert, archaeologists of the bleached ruins of Turkish, Scythian and Mongolian settlements, which we passed every now and again, about Hunnish battlefields buried beneath the sand, with their collections of bones and iron. Other subjects that came up for discussion were windbreaks, flowing sand, international events, re-

collections of friends, of Peking, of Shanghai, of Prague. The lively conversation and debates were occasionally punctuated by a good Czech anecdote, rendered in quite fair Pekinese. Some laughed, others were shocked. The train was slowly approaching the point where the Great Wall came to an end and where the track ends for the time being of the Siberian Railway across Asia. Surrounded by the baking sands, the talk was of wheat and apricots, of lakes and woods. Of the future of Gobi no one thought to dispute.

Where thousands of workers, engineers and scientists disembarked from the train, a new dusty world of roads and motor vehicles began—a world which called for courage and endurance. The long conversations and fantasies were left behind and sand entered nose, throat, eyes, and clogged every pore. The merciless struggle began with wind and glare, with blinding light and the dryness of the atmosphere; the struggle with physical exhaustion, thirst and with the will to endure.

I had expected silence and a feeling of isolation and was surprised to find that things were extremely lively and busy, and that strict discipline prevailed. The roads were indicated by a continuous belt of dust which never had time to settle. In both directions, columns of motor-lorries, overloaded with people, provisions, drilling equipment and barrels of oil, formed an endless chain. At the enormous motor servicing stations stood hundreds of motor-vehicles, and a dispatching unit speedily directed repairs, water supplies and the dispatch of whole columns with a minimum of delay, the drivers setting off at full speed.

One of the first things I became conscious of at the Gobi road junction was the revving up of heavy Czechoslovak

Tatra lorries. There was a large fleet of them and they did good service. Later I came across their grey-green bonnets at intervals along the roads, instead of the gnawed bones I had been prepared for—half buried in sand and radiating heat. We passed the white canvas towns of the 'builders' (bigger, no doubt, than were ever the camps of the Hunnish riders), forests of oil derricks, the silver mammoth cauldrons of the oil tanks. Occasionally we would chase a herd of antelope and roast the flesh of our booty at a fire by the side of the road, with eagles flapping round like hens.

On our route lay the oasis An-hsi, the famous 'storehouse of winds', the storm centre for all the sandstorms of the Gobi Desert, in the middle of which people lived and harvested 50 quintals of wheat to the hectare. On reaching the ant-hills where a route or path sprang up, I asked the driver to stop. Then there fell on our ears the rise and fall of a Chinese choral, like the thunder of waves breaking on the shore; the high-pitched voice of the precentor led the singing and the thousand-strong choir responded with the massive, swinging rhythm of a thousand piledrivers. And the sound of it was as monumental and dramatic as the setting and the great work of construction in which they were engaged. Chinese working choruses, which so impressed Paul Robeson when he heard them, told me more of the strength of the Chinese people than a thousand high-sounding words. My favourite seat was beside the drivers. They wore white driving gloves and smoked with a grand air—a box of cigars always at hand—and talked about antelope and eagles and why they must smoke. 'After a hundred kilometres you begin to nod. You drive into the sand, turn turtle, damage the car and hold people up . . .'

Before the liberation things were bad here. Our driving mates had no money for cigarettes. A lone car would drive through the desert maybe only once a

month. In summer a driver might easily die of thirst if he had a break-down or ran out of water for the radiator. In winter, if he fell asleep at the wheel, he froze to death and both driver and car were buried under sand-drifts. I liked the solidarity of the Chinese drivers. They always helped each other out of a spot, exchanged news and gifts. Those driving from the east threw those they met travelling from the other direction newspapers, books, cigarettes and cakes, while those from the west had with them sweet marrows, Turfan grapes, sometimes even leopard's skins and, what was counted among the most valuable gifts, immense crystals of salt from the Ts'aidam basin, with salted excrescences of brownish oil. There, they say, the roads are paved with them.

It was not till a later occasion, when I climbed one of the cliffs above the Valley of Rocky Temples, Mo-kao, that I realized the immensity and daring of the task the Chinese people have set themselves in undertaking the taming of the Gobi Desert.

It was a fairly clear day. In front of me stretched the boundless spaces of a monumental, balladic landscape. For anyone accustomed to Central European or East Chinese natural scenery, it was at first literally incomprehensible. Running in an easterly direction was the wild jumble of thousands of peaks rising from the San-wei range. A lunar landscape transferred to our planet. From out of the rocky white ravines and canyons issued great billowing streams of hot air that flowed round the stone mounds and dispersed over the plain. On the west, stretches of sand hills and dunes rolled to the distant horizon, dominated by the Hill of Singing Sand. And this hill really sings. I heard it quite often; it was like the growling of a dog or the rumble of distant thunder. In its innards, layers of sand have settled form-

ing resonators. To the south lies the white hollow of the Ts'aidam basin, with its underground sea of oil and accumulations of earth gas, and, on the scarcely visible horizon, one could sense rather than see the glacier contours of the mountain ranges at the foot of majestic K'un-lun. On the north, from horizon to horizon, stretched desert, flat and unending, radiating heat, its delicately opalescent colours ranging from pale ochre to carmine and Venetian blue. In the foreground a gigantic grey column rose, upholding the sky on its funnel-shaped top, like the mushroom that rises after an atomic explosion. But the column started moving and slowly withdrawing into the distance, changing its direction as the fancy took it, as if on a ramble through the desert, till it finally disappeared beyond the horizon. Then a new column sprang up on the other side and the silent, fantastic dance across the sand was repeated. These local cyclones were the only gauge we had of distances, while for the height of the mountain ranges there was nothing as a measure of comparison—neither tree nor cloud, so that the whole region had an air of unreality.

The colours and glitter of the desert were constantly changing. Suddenly in the distance was the gleam of a silver surface. The bosom of a lake? The light effects of the hot air were beginning to annoy me. I had imagined the *jata morgana* rather differently. And then I made out a thin strip of dust reflecting the rays of the sun. It stretched for at least a hundred kilometres across the desert. It was the road along which people and machines were streaming into the Ts'aidam basin, into Tibet, into the Jungar basin, to the foot of the Pamirs and the Altai Mountains.

Days and weeks passed in the dark caves of Mo-kao and we hardly noted their passing. Eyes and touch learned to pick out beneath the accretions of sand and patina the colour visions of the Wei

and Chang masters, out of the chaos and gloom the lines began to gain definition, whose elegance was first revealed to the present-day world by a chemical change of colours. The emanations from the art of painters and sculptors of long-past ages bear down on one from all sides. In the five hundred rooms of this, the largest gallery in the world, time ceases to have any meaning. I was working the fourth day in Cave No. 272 at copies of Wei paintings. It was a lovely, calm afternoon, and eagles were soaring above the oasis, uttering their characteristic cry. In the adjacent cave, a young sculptor was working at a copy of the exquisite features of an early period *Bodhisattva*. I was listening to the confidential grumblings of the Singing Hill, when suddenly on the wet surface of the flying goddess fine sand appeared, so that the brush seemed to be moving over sandpaper. In the opening behind me, I heard an unpleasant hissing, as from a chorus of snakes. I looked round and saw against the cave opening a yellow waterfall of transparent sheets and thin rivulets. When I put out my hand, I found that it was composed of the finest sand, such as was used in the old hour-glasses. It measured the time of the approaching sand-storm.

It turned dark and all hell was let loose. Outside, in the yellow blizzard, it rained stones, the stout trunks of trees were bent like bows, and leaves and branches flew past the cave opening. One of the giant poplars cracked and fell in front of the cave. Inside, strange rumblings and rending sounds emanated from the massif of rock. I recalled the collapsed roofs in the upper storeys of the caves. There was no way of escape. The sculptor next door was slowly packing his paraphernalia.

When I was making my way through the medley of broken branches to my cottage, I met the director of the Tun-huang Institute. He came towards me smiling as if he had a letter for me from home or news of a newly-discovered cave.

'I say, in a little while you will see something very wonderful. Do you know how the Mo-kao Temple arose?'

Of course, in a cave—in any case I had read the old inscription somewhere in a book. In the year 366 the monk Lo Ts'un saw in these parts a red glow, fell on his face in the sand and . . . Involuntarily, I looked up. In the crowns of the poplars, there was a play of phosphorescent arrows, to the left the glow of a conflagration penetrated the foliage. Was oil burning somewhere?

This time I did not count the hundreds of steps of the Nine-storey Pagoda that clings to a high flat-topped cliff. In the dark depths of the pagoda I just caught sight of the monstrous beauty of the thirty-metre high head of the Buddha. The whites of his enormous eyes gave out a dull gleam and his golden forehead, as broad as a square, reflected the curious red shafts of which it was the target. At the edge of the cliff platform above the pagoda soldiers were stationed—the guards of the Mo-kao Temple, bricklayers, carpenters, restorers, Institute staff. And all were gazing in the direction of the San-wei Mountains.

Somebody had set fire to the mountain ridge. Thousands of peaks and walls of rock were burning red, so that they looked like a collection of Christmas frankincense cones, with red tips. The invisible conflagration that had set ablaze a whole mountain comb, the boulders in gullies and the eagles' nests, continued in its work. The purple seeped down to the foot of the massif and spilled far into the sand, turning the desert into a dark red sea. Suddenly the red flame leapt across to the muzzles of the rifles, to the steel sights, and all at once we were all red-haired, red-skinned, and, finally, the whole world turned red.

What can the colour be compared to? Perhaps to the fires of Indian rubies, to the purple of the Venetian masters, to the Aurora Borealis, to the night sky above Ostrava, or, that time, above burn-

ing Dresden? Here heaven and earth were aflame, the whole of space was a rippling sheet of transparent fire, deep blood-red in colour.

Complete silence reigned. People stood motionless and watched. The orgy of colour-painting reached its height. I did not take in any details, but my imagination worked feverishly, as in a dream. I saw the columns of cars and lorries come to a standstill; I saw sappers and drivers run out of the canvas towns, I saw herds of antelope and wild camels in mad flight.

The magnificent natural spectacle provided by the setting sun, whose rays are caught and reflected in the atmosphere saturated with myriads of grains of sand, is suddenly over. Beneath us in the oasis was to be heard the screeching of terrified birds—as if they were counting their dead; an eagle took wing and the mournful tones of a Chinese violin reached us through the falling dusk.

I saw the Red Glow more than once. In autumn it blazed forth with increasing frequency over rough, pioneering Western China. For those who witnessed the spectacle, it was a sign and a portent, an inspiration as strong as moved the anonymous painters of the rock temples a thousand years ago. And yet these very people are preparing the inevitable disappearance of this natural phenomenon. One day there will be no longer any Red Glow, when the wind no longer has any sand to raise skywards. That day will come when all the waters of the mountain ranges that border the Desert of Gobi will water it and make it blossom like the rose. The silver gleam of ponds and lakes, the fresh green of trees and vegetation, the rainbow tints of rising mists and the blue of forests on the horizon: beneath these gentle colours, the curse of thirst and drought and barrenness will pass away and a new generation will live to know peace and abundance.

Translated by ROBERTA FINLAYSON SAMSOV

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letter from cuba

Cuba Continues to Make History

Havana, April 28

After Fidel Castro's amazing speech to his people about how the U.S.-organized invasion was smashed, Cuba's new-style revolution continued to make history by inviting captured members of the expedition to explain themselves on a nationwide TV-radio hookup. For three evenings the 'liberators' followed each other to the cameras and mikes for questioning by a team of top Havana editors, and there were some dramatic confrontations between former Batista henchmen and Cubans whom they had tortured and raped.

On the 26th, Fidel made more history by confronting in the sports stadium over 900 wellfed-looking, newly-clothed prisoners. The public jammed the rest of the stadium, and an informal discussion between the prisoners and the Prime Minister was nationally televised until after 3 a.m.

In the course of the session, Fidel read items from *Time* and the *N.Y. Post* to make it quite clear to the prisoners that their invasion was a U.S. government enterprise. He also read a news report from Chile that Washington had circularized Latin American governments, asking their support for or consent to a new invasion of Cuba. 'Idealists', former Batistiano mercenaries, rich men's and poor men's sons argued with him and freely fired questions in an attempt to justify themselves. The questions and facts he fired back with his great lawyer's skill reduced one after the other to silence or fervent agreement. Without exception they praised the humane treatment they were getting, and a chorus of 'Yes' greeted his question: 'Did not most of you believe you would be killed upon capture?' Point by point, chapter and verse, he showed how in this and everything else the U.S. had deliberately deceived them. In their few days with the militia and en route to Havana, they had been able to see that the armed people—whom they expected to desert—were overwhelmingly behind their government.

To a direct question about his government being 'communist', Fidel said it was socialist and explained what that was: the huge private landholdings and industries had been given to those who worked them. He added that should the Cuban people want a communist government that would be nobody else's business. On the question of 'democracy', he pointed out that for the first time in history prisoners were being given the opportunity to argue before the whole victorious nation with its prime minister. He asked how many ordinary Americans, let alone prisoners, got such an opportunity with President Kennedy.

A prisoner put the question to Fidel whether, had he been absent for some time in the U.S. and subject to its propaganda barrage, he too would not have joined the crusade to liberate Cuba. Fidel said that many Cubans in the U.S. had considered the facts more carefully and remained loyal, and 'possibly I would have been one of those.' Allied with the worst dictatorships all over the world, the U.S. had sent its invasion force from Nicaragua whose tyrant Somoza assassinated one of Latin America's greatest revolutionaries, Sandino; and 'the Americans have never helped any revolution to liberate peoples from exploitation.' Everyone knew they had aided Batista to the end, and their present aid to counter-revolution was obviously not for any concern about democracy but because Cuba had nationalized U.S. interests.

In discussion with one of the few Negro 'liberators' about 'what could have brought you here', Fidel returned to the son of a wealthy Cuban family (who had just said he came to fight for 'his ideals') and asked if he belonged to any club in Havana. The wealthy white liberator replied: 'Yes, the Yacht Club.' Did they allow Negroes in there? 'No.' Fidel turned back to the Negro and said: 'So you can join this man to fight our revolution, but you can't bathe on the same beach with him—

and he never worried about that but accepted it—as though your colour would come off in the seawater.’ All discrimination, he added, had been wiped out by the revolution.

Prisoners mentioned claims of the Revolution which they had been told in the U.S. were false, such as the turning of barracks into schools, the guarantees to small property-owners under Urban Reform. Fidel asked: ‘Would I be making such claims before the whole Cuban people if they were not true?’ Land-owners were allowed up to \$600 a month from their property, and he asked a prisoner: ‘Did you ever make that much?’ ‘Never in my life.’ ‘Think you could live on it, with your own house and car?’ ‘I’ll say I could!’

As an example of Cuba’s type of democracy, Fidel described the present setup in rural co-ops where the *campesinos* run their own affairs including public order. In former days, starving under the extortions and terror of the police, the *campesinos* sold their votes; and senators and representatives whom they ‘elected’ became millionaires from graft. None of the ‘idealist’ prisoners who needled Fidel about elections, who ‘idolatrize Yanqui democracy’, could deny this. ‘Do you,’ asked Fidel, ‘know a single member of the revolutionary government who is a millionaire?’ Nobody did, but one prisoner said: ‘They say that you yourself have many millions of dollars in Switzerland.’ Fidel took this in stride, saying that U.S. papers could publish such nonsense but ‘absolutely no one here has the slightest doubt about the honesty of this government. If we had been interested in money, would the U.S. have spent millions on an expedition like this? Who has more money than the Yanquis? If we were purchasable, supposing the U.S. spent \$10 million on this expedition, wouldn’t they gladly have spent \$15 millions to buy us? Why didn’t they try? Because they know we are not for sale.’

In the days of electoral ‘democracy’ there were $\frac{1}{4}$ million kids without schools, $\frac{1}{2}$ million workers without jobs, $1\frac{1}{2}$ million illiterates, millions of acres owned by a handful of com-

panies, fantastic rents, discrimination, and the common folk couldn’t even use the beaches. In the Cienaga de Zapata where the liberators landed they had seen the changes wrought in two years by the revolution.

The liberators had all believed the people would welcome them with open arms; now Fidel asked them if they thought it would be safe for them to go out unguarded in the streets: ‘Would you like to go out and meet the people? Do you think the people would agree to that being done?’ The answer was a great shaking of heads.

When Fidel asked, ‘What would be your attitude if the U.S. invaded Cuba?’ there were cries of ‘We’d fight!’ A prisoner asked: ‘If it happened, would the people allow us to fight beside them?’ Fidel said: ‘That’s a hard question. The people would have to know your attitude was sincere—they are the top authority in this country. Furthermore there are criminals among you and those who would probably fight on the other side.’

He referred the question to the militias crowding the balcony, who replied with a shout of ‘Paredon!’ (Shoot them.) Fidel turned back to the prisoners and said: ‘You see what they think—nevertheless I personally think that to execute 1,000 or more men would be a belittling of our victory.’ He explained that for the Cuban revolutionaries the death penalty was ‘not a question of principle’, nor were they influenced by what anyone said abroad; it was simply a weapon to defend the revolution, ‘which we have had to use in dealing with foreign agencies who organize sabotage and crime, destruction of our property and murder of our people.’ He added: ‘You see what the people want—but right here I am beginning to put forward and explain my point of view to the people, that it would be little our victory.’

The session ended in the early morning hours with a prisoner insisting: ‘We are with the people of Cuba to fight against any foreign enemy who may come to trample on our people!’ (Applause.)

Cedric Belfrage

letter from colombo

Towards a Socialist State

Colombo, May 22, 1961

In a recent appeal to the nation, the Premier Mrs. S.W.R.D. Bandaranaike made a fervent appeal to the people to work as one so that Ceylon may reach the socialist goal. Socialism can be of many brands. The conservative United National Party deputy leader claimed in Parliament shortly after that his party, too, stood for the achievement of a socialist society. He pointed out that to call our party 'conservative' because there were a few Capitalists in it would mean that the Sri Lanka Freedom Party (Ruling Party), the Lanka Sama Samaja Party (Trotskyist Socialist Party) and the Communist Party were also conservative. For, said the U.N.P. deputy leader, there was a big capitalist in the insurance business in the S.L.F.P. The very leaders of the Lanka Sama Samaja Party could claim a wealth which few members of the U.N.P. could boast; and one of the main pillars of the Communist Party was a landowner of no mean repute. But the U.N.P. deputy leader did not draw the necessary conclusion from this analysis. The work of the government or the policy of a Party must not be judged by the type of membership that government or Party possesses. They should be judged by the legislation they introduce or at least promise to introduce. By these standards there is a good deal of evidence to show that the Premier's utterances about a socialist state mean something more than vain hopes and wingless aspirations. A spate of legislation on Socialist lines give the lie direct to her detractors.

In the recent past legislation was introduced to unify the education system as far as is possible. The severe struggle against it by the Roman Catholic interests did not prevent the government from taking over the denominational schools. A few concessions were made where hardship would result. But in the main education in Ceylon today is not merely free from the kindergarten to the University. It is also equally available to all classes of people,

rich or poor, town dwellers or rural inhabitants. Education is also broadly national in content. Since university education was restricted to a few by virtue of the fact that there was only one fully equipped University—the Peradeniya University, and since the Pirivena Universities were not equipped on scientific lines, a recent bill forced the hitherto residential University at Peradeniya to open its doors to external students. At one sweep the snobbery and class prejudice that a residential University was bound to breed was done away with. At the same time the aspirants to higher degrees in Ceylon would no longer need to knock at the door of the University of London 7,000 miles away. A considerable drain of the country's finance and the danger of having a class of young men within a national education system equipped with knowledge that was more suitable to a western than a eastern country, was at the same time obviated by the abolition of the London University examinations.

The People's Bank Bill is another effort of the Sirimavo Bandaranaike government in the right direction. In spite of 14 years of independence Ceylon had only one national bank worth the name—the Bank of Ceylon—the rest being European owned Commercial banks. And even the Bank of Ceylon was not a State bank. The people's Bank Bill will mean the financial enfranchisement of a politically enfranchised nation. Loans would become more readily available to the Ceylonese merchants and thus ensure the prosperity of Ceylonese capital as against foreign capital. It will also work towards the ending of the harsh tyranny of the money lender both foreign and local that had hitherto sucked white the rural labourer and the urban clerk.

Right on the heels of the People's Bank Bill has come the Oil Corporation Bill. Oil has made and unmade countries. Whoever controlled the flow of petroleum could dictate

policies to governments, be they white or black. This was made clear by the Minister of Commerce in opening the debate on the Bill. The prevailing temper of the people was more than evidence by the fact that no party in Parliament worth the name opposed the Bill. Soon the importation and distribution of oil will be in charge of a corporation; and a further milestone in the economic enfranchisement of the nation would be reached.

One by one the muck and debris of an old imperialist order are being cleared away. But the attendant risk is very great. One fears that the spate of legislation would create chaos in administration. Already the drive to a national system of education has led to a lowering of educational standards. The socialist legislation and increased taxation has caused a flight of foreign capital. Control of imports has led to curtailment of employment in large commercial houses. Sky rocketing of prices is leading to internal hardship and attendant discontent. So the testing time for the Srimavo Bandaranaike government is round the corner. The little general election two months ago when the government retained two out of three seats showed that the government still retains

the wide sympathy of the masses. But it is doubtful whether this mass sympathy is a progressive one. Its outcome is traceable to the national effervescence that is sweeping all Asia and Africa. More particularly it has roots in the sympathy created by the assassination of the late Premier—the husband of the present Prime Minister.

To launch on ambitious schemes with this type of mass support is to build castles on shifting sands. The progressive forces that rallied behind the S.L.F.P. government at its inception are now becoming lukewarm. Very recently the Communist Party openly ran a candidate against the government at a by-election. The L.S.S.P. leaders are becoming more critical of the government. The use of its steam roller majority is one cause for their discontent. But the more basic causes seem to be the failure of the government to stem the rising tide of unemployment and the halt of sky-rocketing of prices. At the moment the government has weathered all storms. The assassination case is over, and the leading accused are now standing in the shadow of the hangman's rope. Is the testing time over or about to begin?

T. P. Amerasinghe

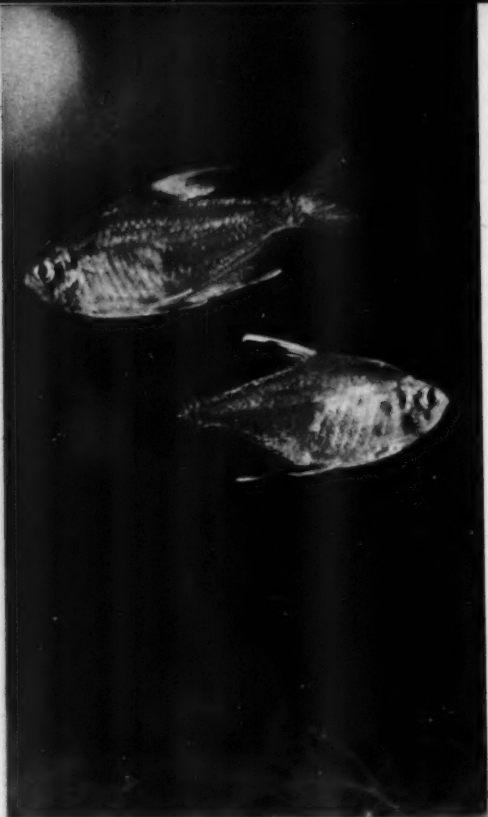


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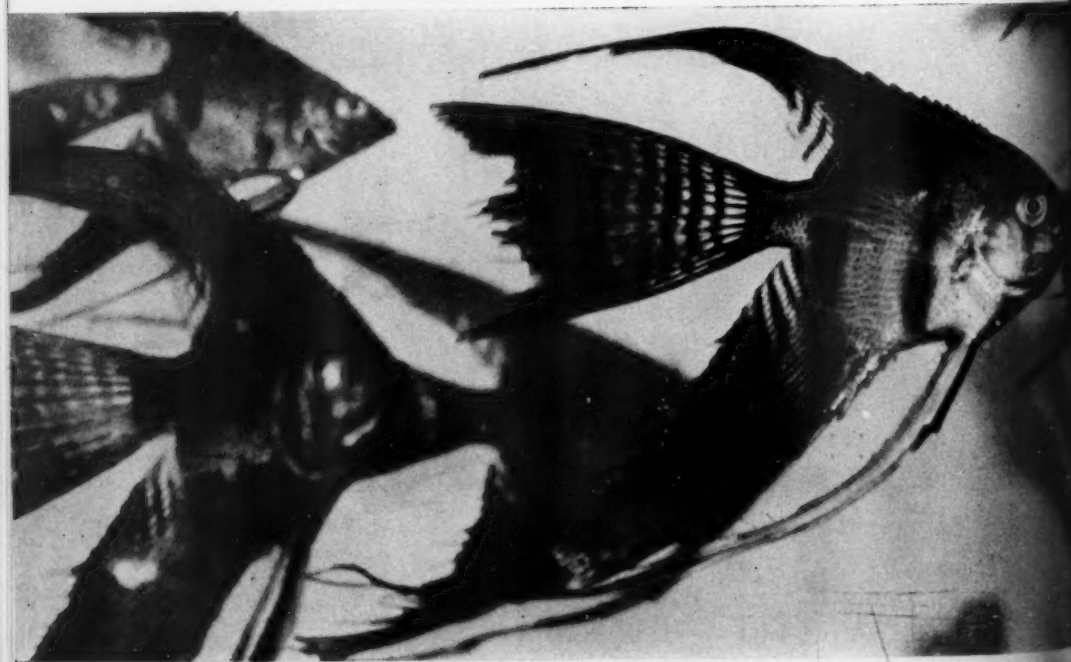


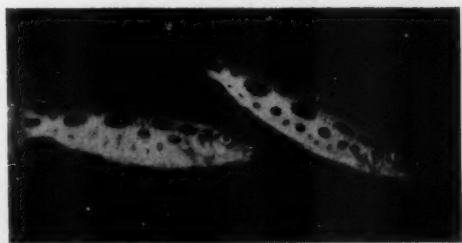
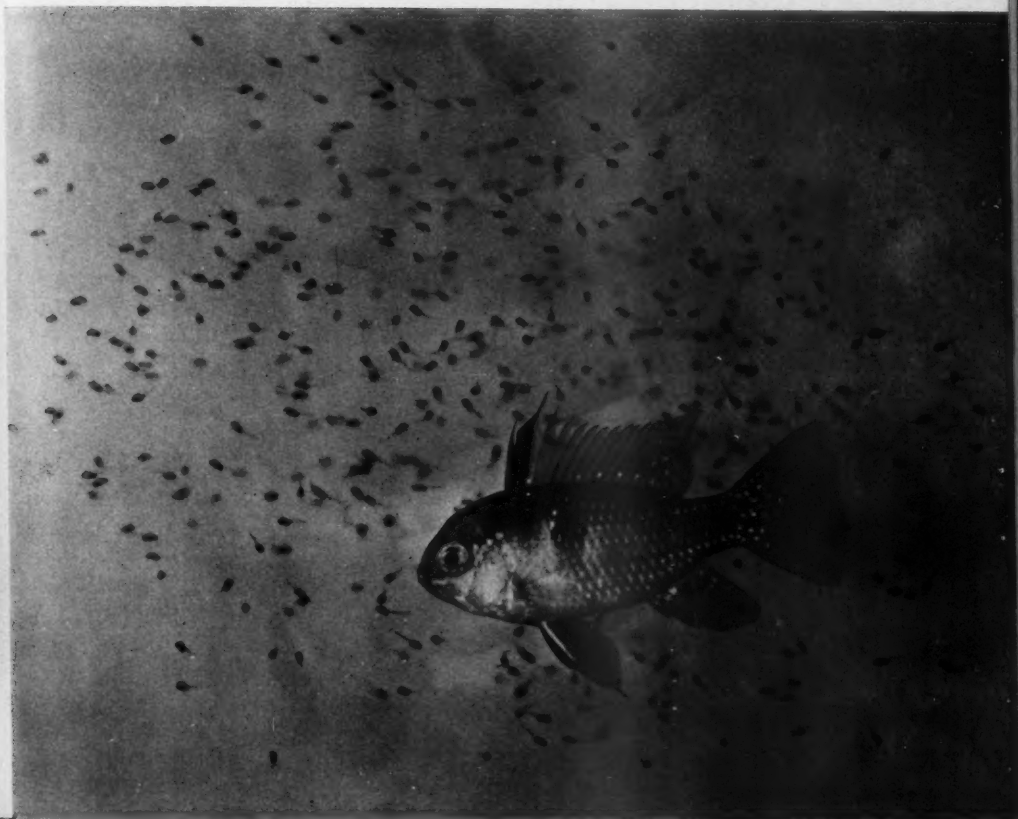
AQUARIUM FISHES

Serpae Tetra a Brazilian species



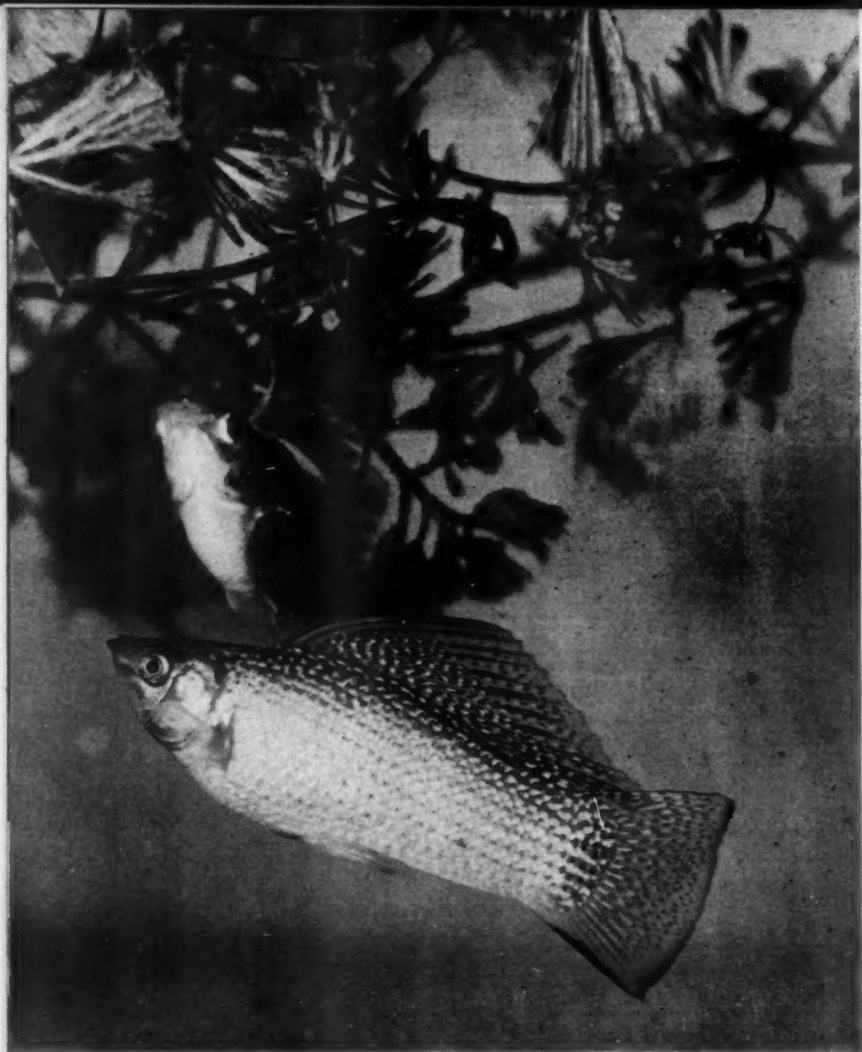
The author's pair of Oscars (*Astronotus*)





Unidentified specie, known as
'Spotted Panther' in Hong Kong





A pair of Mollies (*Mollienisia Latipinna*)



One of the writer's Headstanders (*Chilodus Punctuatus*)

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Tropical Fish Keeping

IN THE EAST AND THE WEST

Husein Rofé

Part 1: the Technique

All the great cities of Asia are to be found south of the 40th parallel of northern latitude; all the capitals of Europe except Lisbon and Athens are north of it, and so is New York. Much of Asiatic culture is tropical; European and North American culture belong to a colder clime. To the average Westerner, the tropics are a shimmering fairyland of luxuriant exotic life and growth, of calm vast expanse of sea; a zone where the dazzling sunshine and enervating heat test their endurance and diminish their enjoyment. They fear to tarry in the land of the lotus-eaters, yet they carry home wistful memories of Mother Nature's lavish generosity in the tropics.

Modernisation of transport and increased speed, as well as technical advances, have permitted modern Western man to enjoy in his own home-land some of the delights of the tropics. He has even learnt that there is now a way of capturing something of their glamour in his own drawing-room: he contemplates the flashing scales in a tank of many-coloured fishes gliding and gambolling among tropical aquatic plants. His home is cosier, a mysterious ballet endlessly repeats itself before his eyes, and

as he relaxes in a carefree manner, both his heart and the room feel warmer. It has been estimated that twenty million people in the United States now own an aquarium in the home. This not only indicates the popularity of tropical fishes as pets, but hints further at the volume of the export business, the romance behind the story of the fish which may have travelled thousands of miles through the air to start a new and unfamiliar life in the drawing-room aquarium of a distant continent. The latest challenge is the marine aquarium: little beauties from among the coral reefs are captured (sometimes at great risk) and may find a home in a special tank hundreds of miles from the sea, to display their colours in imitation sea-water obtained by dissolving special salts in ordinary tap-water.

Doctors and dentists are finding the tropical fish-tank popular with their patients; it also exerts a tranquillising effect upon them. In the home, the fishes have an educational value for the youngster, and there are some who think the spectacle of the viviparous species giving birth an excellent introduction to the 'facts of life.' Relatively little care or knowledge are required to maintain

hardy species in health for long periods, but there are a few essential rules to be obeyed, and ignorance of them may soon cause disaster. Although it is popularly believed that fish-keeping is a wealthy man's hobby, and undeniable that an ambitious tank does cost as much as any other attractive furniture (proportionately dearer in the West), the beginner can have plenty of fun for a few Pounds. Experience can pay for itself: the hobby often opens new vistas, awakens ambitions, and the novice may well end up a breeder, making his fishes repay the cost of their keep and much more. Unlike the more common pets such as cats and dogs, fishes are relatively unknown, since each specie has its own peculiar habits. Some have never been bred, while amateur aquarists have occasionally made minor fortunes by developing new strains. There are several journals devoted to the hobby which pay well for original articles about personal experiences. The thrill of making new discoveries is paralleled by the opportunity of comparing notes with other hobbyists, if one joins one of the aquarists' societies which now exist in many towns. When one is travelling abroad, a visit to the municipal aquarium becomes so much more full of meaning.

Since there are many excellent handbooks on this hobby, from pamphlets to encyclopaedias, it is not my intention to go fully into all the details of management, but I shall summarise the main steps and considerations for the uninitiated who may feel attracted but hesitant. It is best to start by purchasing a fairly small tank designed to contain from five to ten gallons of water. It ought to have a glass cover, which may also serve as a rest for a lamp. A thermometer is indispensable, since the introduction of new water must be within a degree or two of the original temperature; variations debilitate the fishes, and may occasion epidemics of disease. In most industrialised areas, the tap water is heavily chlorinated. The presence of

chlorine is dangerous to the fishes as it is a poisonous gas; nevertheless, it evaporates in a few hours, and it is therefore sufficient to let the tap water stand for a day or two in another vessel before emptying it into the tank. The tanks should never be lifted when full of water or turned upside down to empty them. Water should also be introduced gently through a hose, since too rapid variations in the pressure against the glass walls will cause leaks or cracks. Small leaks often repair themselves in a few days and are best left alone. Putty can be applied in more persistent cases. For breeding purposes, the question of the hardness of the water may be important. A considerable fluctuation in the degree of acidity of the water is detrimental, but for general purposes, follow two rules and you will not go wrong: *never* change more than half of the original water in one day, always supply the water from the same source. Many beginners abandon the hobby in despair because of deaths and diseases which are caused by ignoring the above-mentioned considerations regarding the water; fishes breathe it, as we breathe air, so do not subject them to sudden changes of the environmental medium, especially to sudden decrease of temperature!

If you wish to produce an attractive effect, buy special gravel and put your plants directly into it. The beginner will probably find it easier to buy one plant in a pot, and remove this for cleaning. Dirt on the bottom is more easily visible, more noticeably stirred up, when there is no sand. Cheap glass siphon tubes can be used to pick it up in a few minutes, once daily. More ambitious novices are recommended to purchase an electrically-operated air pump, and take two leads from it, one to a filter (internal or external) which will remove harmful micro-organisms, the other to an airstone diffuser, which generates fine air bubbles through the water. The former article will mean you need only clean your tank

monthly; the latter increases the capacity, enabling you to keep greater numbers of fish. Most beginners try to put too many of them into a single tank. Start with a few, and if you see them hanging around the surface, you can tell that they are literally fighting for their lives, because you have not assured them of an adequate oxygen supply. Although an airstone diffuser may help you to increase capacity, there are limits even then. Your fish will be healthier if you don't overcrowd them. The capacity of the tank depends on the surface area, and has no relation to depth of water; hence, you can keep more fishes in a wide shallow tank than in a narrow, deep one. This is why a half-filled goldfish bowl is kinder on the inmates than one full of water, even if there is less swimming space!

Lighting is an important consideration, particularly if you wish to keep plants in the tank. Without them, it is not only a sorry spectacle: the fishes cannot feel at home unless they have some refuge, so give them a home, not a concentration-camp! If your tank gets sunlight, then you will only need a weak lamp to illuminate it at night; otherwise it will require overhead lighting for about fourteen hours daily. Feel your way: a weak light may be inadequate for the plants, while a very strong one may soon give you mossy growths on sand, stones and glass. These are called algae: in moderation, they are useful, since many fishes nibble at them, obtaining a necessary supply of vegetable matter in the diet. In fact, if you have to go away for a fortnight, just leave the lamp burning, and the fishes will keep alive on a diet of algae until you return. Excess algae are unsightly, and the front glass should be scraped weekly to remove them, otherwise you won't even see the inside of the tank clearly. There are now tablets on the market which are designed to eliminate algae altogether, but one should not rely entirely on these.

Having half-filled the tank with water, you are ready for your plants. These are of three kinds; rooted, bunched and floating. Select what attracts you, and decorate your aquarium in such a way that there will be plenty of swimming space in the foreground, with plants in clumps at the back and sides. Later, you will find that certain plants are especially valuable for breeding purposes, and that these vary with the species involved. Plants, like fishes, thrive best at certain temperatures; and when the winter comes, you must remember to buy an aquarium heater in time. Most fishes and plants can be kept at temperatures between 70° and 85° F., although this is not necessarily an ideal range for all kinds. Let the water drop below 70° and you will soon find disease in the tank. The best heaters are provided with adjustable thermostats, though these can be purchased separately and then connected up with a heater. One thermostat can in fact service several tanks. Take the trouble to buy these, and your fishes will comfortably survive the winter. Neglect the temperature, and you will have to purchase an entire new stock of fishes every spring!

We come next to the question of stocking your prepared tank. If it is a new one, or if the water has never had fishes in it before, pop a cheap little fish in it first and see if he is still swimming happily around after 24 hours. If so, you are ready to purchase your future inhabitants. It is difficult to make specific recommendations to those completely unfamiliar with the fishes. For this reason, these articles are being illustrated by some excellent photographs of my fishes; these snaps were taken by the staff photographer of *Eastern Horizon*. You need not choose these, which show you some of my personal preferences, most of which have been in my tanks for well over a year. In any case, you will have dozens of species to choose from, and later you

can purchase an illustrated handbook and learn their names. Prices vary greatly. In Hong Kong, you can buy many attractive species for much less than a single copy of this magazine, while others may cost the equivalent of a subscription for years to come. Start off with the cheaper kinds, buying them in pairs; obtain them small, and you will pay less, in addition to have the fun of watching them grow up. The bigger your tank, the more they will grow, as they need adequate swimming space for satisfactory development.

Popular small fishes are the tiger barbs (with yellow and black stripes), and the neon tetras (front half blue, rear portion red), both of which swim around in schools, though the former are much more active and lively. You will learn that certain types prefer to swim near the surface, particularly the live-bearing varieties, which are easy to breed: the prolific guppy; the swordtail, so called because the end of the male's tail ends in a sword, and the colourful platy. All these can be found in different colour varieties. A larger and more attractive viviparous fish, the molly, does not do too well in an ordinary tank, since it needs a greater degree of salinity. Nevertheless, there are fishes that can live in either fresh or salt-water. Marine fishes cannot be gradually accustomed to fresh water however, since their inner organs are adapted exclusively to a saline medium. Those which you may see in the sea or in a fresh-water community are estuary fishes which spend their lives in the zone where the rivers join the sea. The community tank is one in which several species are kept together.

Certain fishes are aggressive and quarrelsome, others make meals of companions nearly their own size, some scare their companions by nipping their fins. Not all attractive species are suited to a communal existence. When you consider breeding, you will also have to consider separate tanks for your prospective parents, and elaborate preparations may

be necessary.

Another popular cheap species is the Siamese Fighting Fish, which may be found in many bright colour varieties. As its name implies, it is aggressive, though this applies only to the male, and he attacks only other males of his own species. He possesses an auxiliary breathing apparatus, and needs to come up regularly to the surface to gulp down some air. When ready to mate, he blows a nest of bubbles on the surface of the water, and then catches the eggs in his mouth (after wrapping his body round the female to squeeze them out), and spits them out into the nest, which he guards.

When you are ready for a bigger species, you may find the ever-popular Angel Fish suitable, though it really needs a larger tank when fully grown. The slow glide of this fish is delightful to behold.

Once the fishes are in the tank, the problem of food arises, and this is a source of many disasters for beginners. First of all, you must remember that the fish, unlike most other animals, can go without food for up to a fortnight without suffering any mishap. This does not however mean that you should make a practice of feeding twice monthly.

All fishes prefer a proportion of live food in the daily diet, and if you live in a place like Hong Kong, where 120 persons are employed daily in bringing this fish-food to the town or cultivating it, there will be no problem. Here we have three kinds of live food sold separately: daphniae or water-fleas, tiny pink tubifex worms which usually collect together into a rather unsightly mass, and blood-worms, bright red in colour, which constantly wriggle back and forth through the water making and unmaking S shapes. Among these you will often find mosquito larvae which are appreciated by many species. It will be too bad on you if they aren't, since you merely offer the mosquitoes a splendid chance

to hatch out in your home! The daphnia needs a lot of oxygen, so don't over-feed. Although they will stay alive in the tank, and breed, a heavy feeding of these tiny creatures will perhaps deprive your fishes of part of their air-supply. Tubifex worms burrow down among the sand, but they can be dealt with by one of those useful scavengers, the catfish.

A catfish is one of a large family of scaleless, bewhiskered fishes, nearly all of which root out their food on the bottom. You have only to examine the positions of the fishes' mouth to have a good idea of their feeding habits. The catfish's mouth points downwards, so it eats from the bottom; but where you see the lower jaw projecting, you will know that your fish will come to the surface for food.

Live food is not universally available, and in most Western lands, it is chiefly replaced by various forms of dried food, of which numerous brands exist. This food is better as supplement than as substitute; it may contain valuable vitamins and vegetable matter. Bemax, for example is much appreciated by Tiger-barbs, though Angels ignore it. Feed your pets exclusively on dry food, and they will be less healthy, harder to breed and may suffer from numerous other complaints. For instance, the dry food may swell up in the intestines and cause distension which occasions a rapid death. If uneaten, it quickly fouls the tank. Scatter it therefore in moderation, about as much as the fishes can dispose of within five minutes or so. There is no harm in doing this two or three times daily in addition to the regular supply of live food once a day, but be careful not to spill in more than you need. Snails are another way of having the surplus disposed of, but they may damage your plants, and your fish may eat them too.

As to the servicing of the tank, if it is well set-up and carefully maintained

along the lines indicated including the use of a filter, it will not require a good cleaning out more than at most once monthly. In addition, if your plants are rooted in the soil, they won't do well if you keep pulling them up for a clean-out. When you do attend to this monthly job, take out half the water, empty it into a bucket and leave the fishes in that until the tank is ready to house them again. Then you can remove your sand, give the tank a thorough scraping and start again. It is a small job for a small tank. For my 65-gallon tank, it takes about seven hours to do it properly, but I only change the water once every quarter. Adequate filtration both internally and externally keeps the aquarium sparkingly clear.

If disease strikes your tank, it requires some experience to know how to handle it. Sick fishes should be isolated, but you may have a whole tankful of harmful parasites. In many cases, suitable medicines can be poured straight into the tank, but there is not space here to indicate all the problems you may have to face.

In my next articles, I shall have something to say about the fish industry in Hong Kong, and how it differs from that in the West. I shall also discuss the principles of the salt-water aquarium, which requires you to pay attention to a quite different set of rules, but repays the extra labour involved, if you can make a success of it. Besides, you can go to the sea-shore and catch your own specimens. If readers are sufficiently interested, I shall be glad to contribute further special articles, accompanied by colour photographs, dealing with particular species and their care; treating of the breeding techniques, and describing diseases and their cure. In the next issue, I shall also write about the photos of my own fishes which are displayed in these issues.

The Old Grey Sea Wall

A Modern Marco Polo

To phone someone up on a Sunday morning at the early hour of 8.15 a.m., after a lapse of 50 years, is presuming a great deal on old friendship.

'Could they meet again?'

A familiar clear voice on the other side:

'Yes, at the usual place, in half-an-hour's time?'

The road from Lydd to Hythe ran along the old grey sea wall, built to keep out the sea. As before

*'Down Romney Marsh to Dymchurch Wall,
Where a salt-filled wind exhilarated them
To a hill by the sea with crooked lanes.'*

Punctually she arrived, the same old frankness of charm, only the gold of the hair had turned to a brilliant silver. They sat on the wall and 'looking out to sea' talked of school days, how he used to do her mathematics and how the family went punting on a Surrey stream.

The wonderful kindness of some English people to foreigners passes belief; as long as it exists there is hope for her to play yet a leading part in the healing of nations. The hour's meeting soon sped by to send them on their respective ways with life glowing happier and rosier.

The Anti-climax

The main road to London looked ridiculously tiny after the continent. Traffic

was thick and sluggish, drivers inconsiderate lacking both courtesy and experience. To cap it all, in spite of the sun, English skies and landscape glowered dark and grey, shadows covering everything; as contrasted to France the green of tree and field dull. With contracted hearts they made Earl's Court in a little over 2 hours, maintaining their accustomed continental speed. Going out to the West End the same night, they found the lights dim and a general gloom prevailing. Actually along their main thoroughfares the Parisians put up at least 4 times the number of lamp standards and did not rely on commercial neon-light advertisements to brighten up the streets.

Second Thoughts on England: Incongruities

Now MMP will try with tongue-in-cheek to assess the state of England after a brief visit, relying more on intuition than limited facts.

How could he reconcile his first careless rapture over an affluent 'welfare state' (which he still maintains) with the following incongruities:

1. General Distaste for Work: compared with some continental peoples, very few find joy in their work which is regarded like school-boys on attending classes. This attitude or disease results in

a. A lowering of standards in efficiency and craftsmanship.

b. Finding pleasure only in pursuits that is not work; money and energy both lavished on amusements and hobbies. This suicidal trend may be encouraged by the absurdly high income tax which has certainly killed most incentives and perhaps ambitions.

2. More Dishonesty than Before in the Traders. As long as they can palm something off, many think themselves smart and 'a hang' to responsibilities. Motive probably to get money in whatever way they can, or in other words no more care for ethical values. MMP could supply rueful personal instances.

3. Lowered Standards of Living: In the shops goods are less highly finished and limited in choice. The old affluency had gone. What is left in the cupboard seems rather bare. This appears a paradox when the earning power has risen so many times. Unfortunately it has failed to keep pace with the rising costs of living. Has the fashion and tastes in what men fancy changed? No, because as comparing things with the pre-second war, the present ways of life and qualities of goods have just deteriorated. Tastes and fashions have certainly gone more vulgar. Where has all the money gone to then? Mostly to the levelling up of the lower classes, many of whom must be spending very much more and taking luxuries for granted which they once never dreamed of in the way of clothes, radio and TV sets, holidays, etc. There is missing the elegance and glamour of former days. Is this retrogression or the natural working out of the British plan of socialism? If the latter were true, the conservatives must be on their way out, never to return, in spite of recent political successes, which strangely had been achieved on a socialistic basis and appeal, e.g. 'Jack's never had it so good!' etc. MMP rubs his eyes; have they swopped sides with the socialists?

4. Lowered Standards of Political awareness and too lazy to find out the truth. Too long spoon-fed by radio, press and now T.V., the populace has had their brains subtly and painlessly washed for some generations now. The danger is whether the process had gone so far that they would never again recover the ability to think for themselves or had a sinister propagandist dictatorship been actually set up already: shudders!

5. Lowered Standard of Culture. In proportion crime and comics dominate the reading public. A writer remains popular as long as his stock of sensations continues to titillate. Redundant novels grind out their petty and banal themes. As to poetry, nothing worthy of the name had appeared for two generations; so-called modern poetry, while not deigning to cater to popular taste, much less to inspire, leads, however, all other arts in ugliness and cacophony, filled with tired aimless contents. This lowered standard of culture has affected the whole land so much that those who had experienced the Edwardian reign would call it 'different'. Many friends had warned MMP before his trip that he would find a different England and their advice was confirmed.

6. The prevailing coffee bars; foul and ill-ventilated 'holes of Calcutta'. The young apparently revel in them, probably training for space travel.

7. The uncoordinated and incoherent recurrent strikes for more pay and less work. Even with the most sympathy in the world, the public is puzzled. Results had been inconclusive but the loss to the nation had been immense. The pathetic listlessness of it could spring only from leaders whose fundamental precepts are confused, which is exactly what is happening.

8. The shocking and sorry sight of socialists actually ashamed of socialism, coming from their very leader. Poor working classes of Britain to face this open betrayal after a century of struggle

and yet lack the guts to set the matter right.

9. The grim struggle for education. All parents want their off-spring in a public school and then Oxbridge. Why? Is this a symbol of dissatisfaction with their own class? Like the socialist leader ashamed to call himself a socialist, or actually a battle to possess the public schools and Oxbridge? Social climbing or struggle for power? Does labour want to forsake non-U?

10. The Menace of Colour. Like General Li Ling of the Han Dynasty, MMP could in London go half-way with him and say

*'Nothing is seen all day
But different races.'*

Here let him disclaim at the outset all prejudice on colour because for a confession he often admires himself in the glass. He wishes, however, to face the realities and potential dangers of this local problem. Very nice to import cheap labour (did not the Romans do it in their decline?) The inflow unfortunately had grown too huge to be easily controlled. The chief effect has been to make the English even lazier especially for menial work (they had already surrendered English cooking to Italians and Chinese). MMP found Mayfair about the only district in London comparably free

from British blacks. The long-term result may well be (a) a mixed race ensuing, or (b) a state comparable to Well's 'The Time Machine', or (c) dispossession of the English. Intermediately there will be a definite lowering of all social standards*.

11. The Increase in Crime, Suicides and Mental Diseases. Comment here superfluous.

12. Narrowing of lives and interests to the garden, car and villa, when the advanced nations are widening out to communal living and internationalism.

13. Vacuity of family ties, as witnessed by the daily radio appeals for the next of kin to attend some seriously sick old boy. Distressful puzzlement and shock to a Chinese.

14. Servility to U.S.A., a pathetic state of affairs especially as the Germans are winning the race for the dollars. Incongruities that should not find a place in any healthy nation, Why?

To be concluded

* After all, it is a question neither of colour nor of race but of inequality. For an immediate solution it is for the British to elevate them to the same social standards. A permanent solution, yet the inevitable one, would be for the West Indians to pull themselves together and go home voluntarily putting stop to this wretched emigration which undermines their morals, besides retarding the building up of their own country. MMP saw some of the Mosleyites at work and could only regret their crudeness towards guests.

In an Ainu Village on Hokkaido Island

By Vlasta Hilská

It takes over three hours from Tokyo to Hokkaido by air and another hour by bus from the airport at Chitoshi to the capital Sapporo. Only the Japanese signs along the road and the hockey match broadcast over the bus radio followed by the loud remarks of the passengers convinced me that I was still in Japan. The scenery viewed from the window was entirely different from that in Japan where man constantly struggles for the smallest space in the city as well as in the country.

Hokkaido is a spacious and sparsely inhabited island. A mere four and a half million people live on an area approximately as large as Hungary. Groves of trees, reminding one of Siberia, are followed by extensive pastures with herds of freely feeding horses and cows. Nature is extremely varied, gloomy and monumental here. There are great mountain ranges covered with primeval forests still inhabited by bears, volcanoes in bizarre shapes and turquoise lakes, the banks of which are covered with silvery fluorescent moss.

It is a rich island with extensive coal, copper and sulphur reserves. It used to be the fief of the feudal prince Matsumae and was not utilized for a long time. It was colonized by the Japanese government only at the beginning of the 20th century, mainly after World War I, but

not too successfully. The Japanese like warmth and unless it was absolutely necessary no one was willing to suffer the rough conditions of a country where bitter frosts are followed by much snow. Mainly peasants from the northern regions of Japan, Tohoku, where stony soil prevented them from making a living went. They built ports, opened mines and farmed the land. The capitalist business system crushed them more than cruel nature. They worked for much lower wages than the workers of Japan proper and received no safety provisions whatsoever. The system of the 'absent landlord', that is the landlord who lived in the city far from the peasants and rented the land for high fees, soon ruined the small peasants who had been lured there by promises of a better life. It is a small America except the only ones to become richer were those who were rich to begin with.

The capital Sapporo is not yet one hundred years old and its broad boulevards, built in the style of American cities with European houses, shine with newness.

The mayor of Sapporo enabled me to visit an Ainu village Shiraoi and the famous sulphur spa Noboribetsu in the company of a municipal official. Shiraoi is the largest Hokkaido Ainu village on the Hakodate-Wakkanai route. Five

hundred Ainus live there in eighty-five huts. The village is run by the Ainu chief, but is under Japanese control and is separated from the highway by a wooden bar. The Ainus are an ethnic group now doomed to extinction.

Those who are left, said to be about 10,000, still live on Hakkaido, on Sakhalin Island and on the Curil Islands. They are Japanized and therefore most Japanese say that the Ainus do not exist. They have the rights and duties of the Japanese and the Japanese think that is best for them, as they are degenerate and they suffer from alcoholism and syphilis.

Their origin is still a mystery, as well as the origin of the Japanese. The old theory of the English geologist John Milne and the Japanese anthropologist Yoshikiyo Koganei that the Ainus were the aboriginal inhabitants of Japan who had been there as early as neolithic times has been proved wrong. It has been replaced by Dr. Kiyono's theory based on an analysis of one thousand skeletons found in shell piles. According to his theory the aborigines of Japan were the so called "Jomon" people (this term denotes the oldest Japanese neolithic pottery) who mingled with a race of unknown origin in the North, thus forming the Ainus on Hokkaido, on the Curil Islands and on Sakhalin; they mingled with another race in the South which migrated to Japan from the South-West regions, thus forming the Japanese. Even this theory is a mere hypothesis, a somewhat farfetched attempt at supplying Japan with autochthonous predecessors. The most famous Japanese scholar, Kyosuke Kindaichi, assumes that they are of Indo-European origin, the remains of a white race from the stone age. They most likely came to Japan from Siberia, from the banks of the Amur River through Sakhalin.

Nothing definite can be said about their language either; no relation to any other language has been proved as yet. Their civilization shows certain arctic

elements and even a relation to Finnish tribes has been pointed out, for example, in the ceremony of the sacrificing of the bears, but there are also Southern elements evident, mainly Indonesian. They use the suspended cradle and traces of the matriarchal system can still be seen.

After a few formalities with the Japanese administration the bar was lifted and we were welcomed by the chief. He was an old man with a full beard looking completely Ainu in the crowd of people that surrounded us. The Ainus are taller than the Japanese, they have a white complexion, almost straight eyes and somewhat protruding cheekbones. They were always very proud of their beards and even the women used to tattoo blue whiskers under their noses. Till this day the old men have tattooed arms. The young girls almost looked like Japanese girls. Apparently they were from mixed marriages. There also was a custom of adopting Japanese children and registering them as Ainu children. Thus, in reality, there are only 5,000 true Ainus and it is said that the only people who can speak the Ainu language are the professors who study the Ainus and their language.

We passed through a number of huts with thatched roofs and grain-lofts on poles in which the Ainus keep their provisions. Inside the huts there were fireplaces in the ground, the walls were black from smoke and soot, there was hardly any furniture besides sleeping mats and a lot of fishing equipment. Shiraoi is mainly a fishing village. In the northern corner of the room there was a wooden altar with the skull of a bear—the Ainus worship the bear. In the huts we saw them weaving mats and making various souvenirs. There were bears carved out of wood in different sizes with fish in their jaws, rough wooden bowls decorated with geometrical patterns in bright blue, red, yellow and black and wooden puppets *kokeshi* representing the Ainu chief, his wife, an

Ainu bride and groom, etc. After Shiraoi I went to Noboribetsu where I found streets full of shops with these souvenirs. Beside this the Ainus make their living by fishing.

The chief Kaizawa Tozo, called Usa-shikan in Ainu, took us to a large ceremonial hut surrounded by a stake fence. There were bear skull totems on them and bear skins hung over the stakes. A strong wind shook the skulls and they rattled unpleasantly. There was a big table covered with handicraft products in the hut. My attention was attracted by long wooden knives used to lift your beard while eating and drinking. There were Ainu garments on the walls and a bare hole instead of a window through which you could see the holy fence of bear skulls. The chief put an Ainu frock which had turned red with old age, over his European trousers. He seated himself in the carved armed chair as if on a throne and started his narration in rapid Japanese just as a guide in an old castle. The howling of the wind and the rattling of the skulls mingled with his words and formed a strangely sad monologue. He spoke about the mild and kindhearted temper of the Ainus, of the way they respect their women who have a higher position than Japanese women, about Ainu myths and about the celebration of the bear, *lomante*. During the celebration the spirit of the bear is sent to the Great Father of the Bears to bring the desires of the Ainus to him. One woman takes care of the bear kept in a wooden cage. During the celebration at the new moon the villagers gather, tie the bear up ceremoniously, shoot him with arrows, beat him to death, cut him up, roast him and eat him. The ceremony is accompanied by merry drinking and dancing. The eyes of the wise old man smiled kindly when he described this scene. When he finished I asked him to say something in Ainu but he refused politely and sold

me a few sets of coloured postcards that were prepared on the table. He signed the covers in beautiful Chinese calligraphy and then wrote his Ainu name in the Japanese Kana alphabet.

Afterwards they performed an Ainu dance for me. A few barefoot girls and women came. They put the Ainu garments that were on the walls over their European dresses. The Ainus do not commonly produce them anymore as the cheap Japanese cotton cloth completely replaced the Ainu material produced by hand through a very complicated process from elm-tree fibres. Out of these they used to weave the cloth and then sew bright stripes or circles onto it. The stripes and circles were made out of coloured cotton. They used natural plant dyes for colouring. Today these garments are just the remains of a folklore fading away in modern civilization, never to return again.

The women danced the 'bird dance' which consisted of low rhythmical motions namely hand gestures at times interrupted by monotonous exclamations. Towards the end the tempo got faster until it all stopped abruptly. It was accompanied by clapping and the rhythm was given by the chief. It was an interesting dance.

After that I said good-bye. The skulls on the sacred fence rattled for the last time and the wind tousled the hair of the dancers waving good-bye. I left the Ainu village with a sad feeling over the tragic fate of a dying race which is being treated as an object for show just like the Indian reservations in America. It is consoling that all we know about the Ainus, their entire tradition, customs, legends and their peculiar language, was collected and written down by the Japanese as well as by the European scholars and will be preserved to serve as a clue in solving the mystery of their origin and language.

What Legge Thinks of Confucius

Lewis Gen

In the last issue of this Journal the writer had a book review published on James Legge's translations of the *Chinese Classics* as recently reprinted by Hong Kong University Press. In that review a due tribute was paid to the great translator for his extraordinary patience, industry, as well as for his scholarship. As Legge was one of the few early western scholars who had made such advanced study of Chinese classics, the general reader may be equally interested to know what Legge thought of the teachings of Confucius. And this task is by no means so difficult, as he prefaced his translations with full prolegomena from which we may well gather up his opinions and comments on the various aspects of Confucius' teachings. In doing this we should, of course, bear it in mind that Legge was a staunch missionary, and, like any other missionary, in judging things he always took Christianity as the absolute standard. Indeed, even the main purpose of his translating the Chinese classics was for the facility of propagation of the Gospel.

As a man of deep religious conviction Legge believed that the chief defect of Confucius' teachings lies in the lack of elements dealing with creation of the world and the hereafter of man. He discovered that the Master substituted the combined idea of nature and reason under the vague name of Heaven for the conception of a personal God as clearly

indicated in the older classics. His views on this point are, of course, well supported by several injunctions of the Master, such as: 'Do what is dutiful to man; fear the spirits and gods, but keep away from them', and 'Being unable to serve men, how can you serve the spirits?' or 'Having offended Heaven to where can you direct your prayer?' Finally Legge comes to the conclusion that Confucius was 'unreligious rather than irreligious'; and maintains that, 'by the coldness of his temperament and intellect in this matter, his influence is unfavourable to the development of ardent religious feeling among the Chinese people generally'. But judging by the experience of history, is this not rather fortunate for China and the Chinese people? For, as Legge himself admits, if not for the rationalism of Confucius the Chinese people might have fallen easily 'a prey to the influence of Buddhism and Taoism' and perhaps to Christianity, too.

Nor was Legge satisfied with Confucius' teachings on government. He thought that they are only adapted to a primitive, unsophisticated state of society. He considered Confucius 'a good counselor for the father of a family, the chief of a clan, and even the head of a small principality, but his views want the comprehension which would make them of much service in a great dominion.' Evidently this opinion was adduced from

what he read in the *Analects* where only short maxims of Confucius on government are recorded; while he seems to be ignorant that Confucius' political thought is to be sought in the *Ch'un Chiu*, or the *Spring and Autumn*, as commentated by Kung Yang and Ku Yang. This ignorance is understandable in view of the fact that he made no attempt to translate either of the two Canons. It is not to be supposed that Confucius who succeeded King Wen and Duke of Chow as the custodian of ancient Chinese culture should be ignorant of the art of governing the empire, which was highly developed with elaborate details several hundred years before Confucius.

But what made Legge particularly dissatisfied with Confucius is that the Master made no provisions for the intercourse of his country with other independent nations; and he attributes to this the intolerant attitude displayed by the Mandarins to the early British traders. So far as the problem of pure traders goes, the Chinese people seem to have never treated foreigners ill. As early as the T'ang dynasty thousands of traders from the Middle East countries came to China for trade and even permanently settled down in some of the trading cities. But the Manchu Government adopted a closed door policy, it should seem, only in consequence of the frequent incursions along China's coasts, first made by the Japanese pirates and then by the Portuguese, Spanish and Dutch adventurers before the arrival of the Britons. We don't know how the English traders behaved themselves in those days, yet the conquest of India through English traders should give China enough reason to be very cautious with them.

There are two other points on which Legge finds it difficult to agree with Confucius. The one is polite lies, such as the Master used to avoid seeing an unwelcome visitor by pretending sickness; or as that used by Meng Tsu-fan, who was so modest that while bravely

bringing up the rear in a military retreat, he ascribed it to the tardiness of his horse. Legge, true to the spirit of a Christian missionary, condemns it as insincerity. The other is the principle of 'rewarding good for evil'. This point brings out the wide divergence between the Christian ideal and the rationalism of Confucius. Confucius stands for 'Justice for evil, and good for good' (以直報怨,以德報德;) while Christ teaches 'Love your enemy'. Lofty as the Christian ideal is, is it not rather the rule of Confucius that is practised today in most of the civilised countries? Some do not even come up to that.

Only in one thing, however, did Confucius win the highest admiration from the pioneer missionary: he found that the golden rule of Jesus, 'Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you', had been inculcated by Confucius four centuries before; but even in this he would award Confucius only a second place because his rule is in the negative form—'What you would not others do to you, do it not to others.'

No one would doubt that Legge was a kind-hearted man with high ideals; but looking from today we can well perceive that Legge was standing, so to speak, at the head of the Western tide that was booming against China in those days. At the time when British political and economic influence was fast penetrating into China, Legge also made it his avowed purpose to Christianize the whole nation. Indeed, he was so ambitious that he planned, shortly after Britain seized Hong Kong from China, to remove his headquarters right from Malacca to Peking or Nanking for the propagation of the Gospel.

In order to see that Legge made himself the champion and spokesman on behalf of Christian civilization, we have only to listen to what he says himself in the following:

'... China was sure to go to pieces when it came into collision with a Christian civilized power, its sage having left it not

preservative or restorative elements against such a case!

'In the progress of event', he continues, 'it could hardly be but that the collision should come; and when it did come it could not be but that China should be broken and scattered. Disorganization will go on to destroy it more and more, and yet there is hope for the people . . . if they will look away from all their ancient sages, and turn to Him, who sends them, along with the dissolution of their ancient state, the knowledge of himself, the only living and true God, and of Jesus Christ.'

However, truth, like the elephant in the old fable, has many aspects, and constantly reveals itself in new forms. It is often hidden from the short-sighted and those with invested interests. 'The ancient state' must be gone as now it is; but Legge failed to perceive that the nation would be saved through newly revealed truth other than he understood. Indeed, he might have been much mortified to find that China's salvation was largely effected through the successful resistance against the aggressive influence he himself consciously or unconsciously represented.

As to Dr Legge's translations of Confucian classics we would like to add

only that they are truly an imposing monumental work, but like most symbolic monumental works *it is more to be wondered at than for serious study*, for which purpose drastic revision would be absolutely necessary. Indeed, it may be questioned how many admirers of Legge would care to go through one volume of his translations. Certainly those who are familiar with the original texts would never go through the torture.

But alas! nowadays how few would care even to read Confucius' original works. For human society and the social life of man have changed so much that what the Master prescribed for two thousand years ago has very little practical application today, (though numerous portions in the Classics would still make pleasurable and profitable reading); and for the guide of our daily conduct have we not evolved, out of actual life, new ideals and rules which embody the experience of an enlarged world? So even Confucian Classics have long become a venerable monumental work which is mainly good for those who are interested in antique studies.

Chinese Folk Toys

Chang Ting

Folk toys in China have a long history. Even in the Sung dynasty paintings of street vendors alone by Su Han-chen and others, we can see several hundred varieties, while our museums today display many small porcelain and terra-cotta toys made during the T'ang and Sung dynasties.

These children's toys are not simply small reproductions of objects of daily use. When boys and girls play, they create a world of fancy of their own; and these folk toys in the traditional style are among their most popular playthings.

These folk toys are usually made by peasants or deft-fingered housewives for various traditional festivals celebrated in the Chinese countryside. Thus before the Lantern Festival, the Spring Fair or the Dragon Boat Festival, all sorts of toys are made for sale in the market, for personal enjoyment, or for the children of relatives and friends.

These toys are made to suit the children's mental level. For instance, tiger is a beast of terror but parents want their children to become strong like tigers in order to be able to stand up to all difficulties; so in some districts every family makes cloth tigers and hangs them on the curtains, doors or children's clothes, either as toys or sometimes even as pillows. These stuffed tigers are generally made of bright yellow cloth with black designs

on their bodies and wrinkled brows. They have short legs and tails, large eyes and a cheerful expression. The result is something rather magnificent—a beast who looks both stupid and intelligent. This is exactly how children imagine tigers: friendly animals with whom they can play and chat. So they are not afraid of them but love to carry them around.

Folk toys are made of many different materials: straw, bamboo, wood, terra-cotta, porcelain, clay, cloth and so on. The medium varies from district to district according to what is available locally, and the toys have their distinctive characteristics owing to special local customs and conventions. The terra-cotta whistles of Sian in Shensi, for instance, are made in the form of human figures with coloured designs on a blackground; and most of these simple, charming figures are based on characters in the local opera. The clay figurines of Wusih in Kiangsu are plump and bright. Chekiang wood carving is sophisticated and neat, depicting fishing, boating, hulling rice, herding cattle or other scenes from the life of the coast-dwellers. The popular clay toys of north China, characterized by simplicity of form and strong colour, are miniature horses, dogs, lions or legendary figures. Wooden toys are favourites too.

These folk toys cost next to nothing. During festivals, vendors with carrying-

poles or carts take their brightly coloured knick-knacks to the temple fairs. As they sound their small gongs—the gongs are like toys themselves—the children crowd around. For a few cents you can buy a cock with brilliant plumage which whistles when you blow it, or a bamboo dragon-fly which can be flicked straight up into the air. These simple toys stir the children's imagination and appeal to their sense of beauty.

The folk artists who make these toys depict movements and postures with great technical economy, deliberately omitting irrelevant details. Instead of striving for verisimilitude they grasp the fundamental

spirit and make bold use of artistic exaggeration. Much ingenuity is shown in this art, which is natural, simple and highly evocative. Those toys are dynamic and vibrant with life, and their decorative qualities make the children love them.

In recent years considerable attention has been paid to folk toys by artists, students of folk-lore, educationalists and those concerned with child welfare. Much material is being collected and studied. Children's toys in China will develop further on the basis of the classical and folk traditions and by absorbing the best features of the toys of other lands.



The New Temple

Khwaja Ahmad Abbas

It was an old temple, but it had little architectural value. It was just a nondescript wayside shrine that someone had built some two hundred years ago with the grey stones quarried out of the nearby rocks. On the plinth reached by half a dozen steps, there was a square, squat, cube-like structure crowned with a conical cupola. On the top fluttered the sacred sun-bleached saffron flag which provided the only bit of colour in the all-pervading greyness of the temple, the rocks and the background of distant grey hills hardly distinguishable from the dull grey sky. Inside the narrow square sanctum there was a grey stone image of Lord Krishna playing on the flute, palely lit by a couple of wicks floating in oil. Yet it was undoubtedly a much-frequented place of pilgrimage and the grey stone steps were smooth and shiny, having been trodden upon by millions of pilgrim feet through the ages.

There was a legend about the origin of the shrine. It was said that once upon a time, many hundred years ago, the rains had been abnormally severe and the entire valley had been flooded. Whole villages were washed away in the deluge, and thousands of peasants were uprooted and rendered destitute. They prayed to Lord Krishna, for he was the favourite deity of the valley, and then the rains ceased and the cruel waters receded. And out of the depth of the flood-tide had

emerged this image of Krishna, a miraculous benediction for the country-side. And so out of their joy and thanksgiving the people had built the temple and, because they were simple farmers who could not command the services of architects and sculptors, their temple was as plain and gaunt and grey as their own lives.

And there in the wilderness, at an intersection of two narrow dusty cart-tracks, the temple had stood through two centuries, an integral part of the lives of the people of dozens of villages for miles around. Married couples came there immediately after the nuptials to seek divine blessings, the childless came to pray for an issue, the litigants to ask for the Lord's intercession in their legal affairs. When there was a drought, which was often, when there was an epidemic, which happened every few years, people came to offer prayers. It was impossible for them to imagine an existence without the temple.

And now, as a climax to a series of events which had stirred the whole countryside, had come the announcement that the temple, their very own temple, was to be no more. It would be razed to the ground and then drowned, deliberately drowned, in a flood that would soon be released on the completion of the dam over there in the mountains.

For the last many years the dam had

been rising higher on the horizon of their consciousness. First it was unreal like a dream, a tale one heard of from the Magic Box which brought the words of the Great Ones in far-away Delhi to the village *chaupal*⁽¹⁾. Then the younger men from the villages began to leave the valley of their forefathers and to trek up the mountain paths to the place where they were now actually building the gigantic wall of stone and concrete to imprison the waters. From up there the sons had sent home much money—obviously they were earning more than their fathers could have even dreamt of. Also they sent letters which described the work they were doing and the place where they lived, but much of what they wrote, being full of big new words, was incomprehensible to the simple old farmers who had to get them read by school-going sons, or by the village teacher himself. Then whenever they got a holiday, the sons had come home, dressed in clothes which looked suspiciously like army uniforms. The fathers were puzzled, and a wild fear stabbed the hearts of the mothers.

'Son, isn't this army dress you wear?', asked old Parshuram of his son Mangal, a tall and well-built lad who looked even taller in the Khaki jacket and narrow trousers he was wearing, and his mother cried out the thought that other mothers were too frightened to utter, 'Surely, they are not sending you off to war?'

And Mangal's strong white teeth flashed in the sunlight as he laughed, 'No, no, we are not in the army. We bought these second-hand army clothes, because they are more convenient for the work we do at the dam. You might say we are fighting a war, but it is a new kind of war.'

Then he sat down on the steps of the *chaupal* and told them of their work, as his parents and uncles and aunts and sisters and brothers and cousins and nephews and nieces—and that meant the

whole village of Chhota Parbatpur—listened with exclamations of wonder and amazement. He told them of rocks as big as their whole village being blown to bits by dynamite charges which exploded with the force and noise of cannon, of machines that were as big as the yonder ancient banyan tree and which stretch out their huge iron paws to lift rocks and rubble or cement weighing hundreds of maunds, and of the army of engineers and workers who were busy day and night to complete the work on the dam within the time that had been set for it.

It all sounded fantastic, maybe the boy was just boasting as boys are wont to do, but as he spoke he looked serious and earnest enough, and it was difficult to disbelieve him. His mother thought 'My son is doing some work which is fraught with all sorts of dangers, and so it is better to ensure divine protection.' She called the boy, 'Come, son, let's go to the temple to thank the Lord for your safe return and to pray for your future safety.'

Whatever happened, everything seemed to begin and end with a visit to the temple.

And now this temple, the very core of their existence was to be drowned, deliberately drowned, in a flood that would be unleashed by reckless and ungodly men far up there on the mountains where the dam was.

First they had heard, again from the Magic Box, that on the completion of the dam when the river would be stopped in the hills, its water would be allowed to fill up the whole valley and hundreds of villages would have to be evacuated. When they heard it, it seemed to be one of those strange and wonderful and, sometimes, awesome things that were happening in different parts of the country. They heard about them from the voice out of the Magic Box, but they were as unrelated to their lives as the firing of a cannon-ball aimed at the moon in

(1) *Chaupal*—place where village elders meet.

far-off Amrecka⁽²⁾, an action of which the wise old men of the village could never approve, for has it not been said that if you try to spit on the moon it is going to come back to dirty your own face? And when the Magic Box said the cannon-ball had never reached the moon and had come back to the earth, the wise ones wagged their hoary heads and muttered, 'The sky is the abode of the gods. Only a fool would dare to throw things at the sky and the stars and the moon and the sun.'

Then they heard that not only many villages, but the Big Town of the valley, including the old palace of the Raja Saheb⁽³⁾ would also be flooded out. This was difficult to believe, because as long as they could remember—and they had the testimony of their fathers and grand-fathers before them—the palace had always been there, a mighty thing of stone and concrete, not a mud-hut village to be washed away by a flood. There had been many floods in the valley, but they had all been beaten back from the granite ramparts of the palace. Whenever there was a danger of a flood, the village folk always rushed to the Big Town and sought refuge in the Raja Saheb's palace. Indeed, this was 'Kalyug'⁽⁴⁾ the topsy-turvy Age of Untruth, if even a Raja's palace was not safe from these new man-made floods!

'Nearly three hundred villages in the valley would be evacuated and flooded out to form the vast reservoir which would be like a new sea.' This the Voice had spoken out of the Magic Box, but who could imagine that their own little village would be one of them? May be a few had feared such an eventuality, but they had not dared to speak out their premonitions. And then one day the dreadful news came that Chhota Parbatpur was one of those villages which were doomed—but doomed to create

new life for themselves and for millions of their countryside,' the Voice assured them.

For some moments they were stunned and even the gay lilt of the film songs now emanating from the Magic Box could not console them. But all through the ages, generation after generation, they had been conditioned to bear all manner of calamities—in never-ending succession they had endured famines, floods, epidemics, even wars, and they had survived. It would not be for the first time that their village would be washed away by the angry waters, and this time at least the Government was promising them not only land, but also money to build new homes in the uplands beyond the reach of the flood. Soon they were reconciled to their destiny, even old Parshuram, the father of Mangal, who was cursing the day he had allowed his son to go up there to work on the dam. True the lad was earning a good deal of money, and said he had learnt to work one of those machines with giant paws that could pick up whole mountains—like the mighty arm of Hanuman, the Monkey-God. But the boy was obviously spoiled by too many cinema shows he was seeing there in Nangal where the dam was and had refused to marry the girl his parents had chosen for him. And then the boy had come a few days before the village was to be evacuated and shocked his father with the brazen statement that he had chosen a girl for himself, the daughter of a mechanic who lived in the same tenement. 'Gori will be sixteen next month', said the son in a matter-of-fact voice, 'and she is now studying in the Fourth Standard in school.'

The old man was stunned into speechlessness. Surely the boy must be bewitched to talk of such shameless things in front of his own father.

When he recovered from the shock he spoke to his wife who was weeping at what seemed to her the utter corruption, even destruction, of her son. 'Mother of

(2) America.

(3) His Highness the Prince.

(4) Kalyug—The Black Age.

Mangal, don't weep, What Bhagwan wills shall happen. Keep our food for us. I am taking this boy to the temple to offer prayers. May be that will cure him of this city madness that has come over him.'

The boy shrugged his broad shoulders, 'As you wish—let's go to the temple—for soon even the temple will be no more.'

'What ungodly talk is this?' Parshuram sharply remonstrated. 'You dare utter such words about the Abode of the Lord.'

'I am just telling you the fact. When all these villages are flooded out, naturally the temple, too, would be drowned.'

Slowly the truth of the matter sank into Parshuram's consciousness. Yes, of course, if the villages, some of which were on higher ground, would be drowned in the new sea, the temple was in danger, too!

Old Parshuram did not go to the temple—not it was a matter more vital than a wayward son's redemption. It was a matter more vital than life itself, it was an issue of Faith. So he went to the *chaupal* and told of what he had heard to the village Elders.

'Thanks to the Lord we know it in time', said the white-haired Hori who was the *Sarpanch*⁽²⁾, the elected head of the village council. With full consciousness of his authority he said, 'we will never allow our temple to be destroyed. The Government would have first to kill each one of us before any one dare touch one stone of our sacred shrine.'

'But, grandfather,' pleaded Mangal, 'on the higher land where we build our new village, we can build a new temple. If you like we can carry to the new spot not only the image of the Lord, but also the whole structure, stone by stone. It will be the same temple, only in a new place.'

Old Hori's voice was compassionate,

(2) Elected Chairman of the Village Council of Elders.

but firm. 'Son, you speak without faith and without knowledge of the ways of the Lord. The spot where the temple stands is sacred ground. It was here that the Lord manifested Himself when the image was discovered two hundred years ago. It was a clear sign that this is where He wishes to reside. No one can be allowed to remove the temple, not even the all-powerful Government.'

'But, then', argued Mangal, respectful but obstinate, 'all our work on the dam is useless, the millions of rupees spent, the hundreds of lives given, the labour of ten thousand men for ten whole years.'

'Be that as it may,' retorted Hori, 'no one can move the Lord from His abode, only the Lord Himself can shift his residence.'

And Mangal was left speechless, pondering over the implications of these words.

From Chhota Parbatpur the news spread to the surrounding villages: *The temple is in danger!*

The whole countryside was roused to the defence of faith: *The temple must be saved!*

Five hundred men and women lay on the ground surrounding the temple in a defiant gesture of passive resistance. 'Only over our dead bodies will any one remove one stone from the temple', they pledged.

A hysterical old woman kept shouting, 'Release all your flood-waters, you evil men, our Lord will push back the waves. *Not a drop* will touch the temple.'

The Government officials explained to the villagers the life-giving importance of the dam and this new sea which would bring prosperity to millions of people like them, but the passive resisters were not convinced. The leaders of the people, belonging to many parties and groups came and spoke to the people, but their words too were of little avail.

Then the Wisest and Most Beloved of All the Leaders came and said, 'I know that the Lord wants this dam to be built,

this sea to be created, even if His temple has to be removed. Has he not said so clearly in the *Bhagwad Gita*: "Do thy duty, O Arjuna, and care not for the consequences"?

'Then let the Lord give a sign—a sign that we can understand,' the villagers said, anxious not to be rude to the Wisest and Most Beloved of All, but determined not to yield on the issue of faith.

And that night young Mangal kept thinking of so many things, of the dam, and the face of the girl he was going to marry, and the wise words and worried face of the Wisest and Most Beloved of All. He could not sleep, so he thought he would go and offer a prayer to the Lord to show a way out of the impasse that threatened to ruin his life and lives of millions like him.

The pale flicker of the wicks floating in oil had softly illuminated the Lord's beautiful face which seemed to be smiling with a playful curve to the lips, and Mangal thought of the Boy Krishna tending cattle with the cowherds and stealing butter from the milk-maids. And in that moment he sensed that the Lord was saying something to him with His silent lips.

Early next morning when some of the devotees opened the door of the temple to perform the morning *puja**, they were

aghast to find the familiar image missing.

Someone shouted—'The sign—The Lord has given the sign.' And, as the sun came up from behind the eastern hills, another miracle was reported: The image had installed itself on the top of the yonder hill just beyond the area which would be flooded.

When the new temple was completed, it was the same old grey-stone shrine around the same grey image, but now it stood on the high bank of the new sea which spread for a hundred miles, and would supply life-giving water to millions of acres of thirsty land.

'Isn't our new temple beautiful?', asked Parshuram when he brought his son and daughter-in-law to seek the blessings of the Lord. The old man had ultimately approved of the sixteen-year old Gori who had passed her Fourth Standard examination only a few days before her wedding.

She was too shy to reply and only looked at her husband with eyes brimming over with happiness. It was Mangal who spoke, and he said, 'Yes father, our new temple *is* beautiful.' But he was looking out to the miracle of the new sea created by men like him, and beyond it to the dam, that mighty structure he had helped to raise, dedicated to the Glory and Happiness of Man.

* Puja—Prayers.

BOOKS

New French Publications Dealing with China

Grand Larousse Encyclopédique, vol. III

published by Editions Larousse, 17 Rue du Montparnasse, Paris VI. Cost: about £7 per volume.

Chine d'hier et d'aujourd'hui

by Pierre Huard and Ming Wong

published by Horizons de France, Paris. Cost: about 5 guineas.

I

The publishing house of Larousse enjoys in France a reputation as great as that of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, though its activities are more diversified. It specialises in dictionaries and encyclopaedias of all kinds. Its latest venture, begun last year, has been the publication of a new, up-to-date ten-volume encyclopaedia, which (unlike most encyclopaedias) is simultaneously a comprehensive dictionary of the French language, with quotations from great writers to illustrate the use of words. The total cost of the work will be about £80 for the ten volumes of nearly 1000 pages each, profusely illustrated with photographs and colour plates of quality. It has an advantage over most famous encyclopaedias which reappear annually, since these invariably have many out-of-date articles which appear as reprints. For example, in the 1957 edition of one of the world's most renowned encyclopaedias, I read that *Acheen* was to be found in the Dutch East Indies! This sort of error is absent from brand-new works.

Volume III of the new *Larousse Encyclopaedic Dictionary* was published in February 1961, and completes the letter C, going on with part of D. The article 'CHINE' (China) occupies 22 pages of three columns each. These are accompanied by 60 black-and-white illustrations, 4 colour plates depicting Chinese art, pottery and porcelain, several historical maps, and a 2-page coloured map of China today,

which shows Tibet within the national boundaries.

The seven sections (including that under the article 'Chinois') bear the following titles and sub-headings:

I. Geography

- a: physical (relief, climate, hydrography)
- b: human (population)
- c: economic (agriculture, industry, communications, commerce)

II. Living Standard and Economic Development

- a: before 1949
- b: since 1949
- c: agrarian reform
- d: co-operatives and communes
- e: progress in living standard.

III. History

- a: origins
- b: the Shang, Chou, Ts'in and Han
- c: the Three Kingdom (*San Kuo*) and Six Dynasties.
- d: the T'ang and Five Dynasties 907-959)
- e: the Sung
- f: the Yuan
- g: the Ming
- h: the Manchus
- i: European penetration
- j: the Sino-Japanese War to the Kuomintang revolution in 1911.
- k: the Revolution to Communism

- l: the People's Republic of China (entries up to 1959)
 - m: military history
 - n: constitution and administration.
- IV. Philosophy and Religion
- a: primitive religion
 - b: classical period (philosophic schools, including classical Confucianism, Taoism)
 - c: religions and philosophies of Imperial China (Buddhism, State Confucianism, Taoism as a religion, and other currents)
 - d: modern popular religion
- V. Literature (following the various dynasties)
- VI. The Fine Arts
- a: prehistoric
 - b: evolution of Chinese art
 - c: techniques and workmanship
- VII. Language (a separate article)

The writers are nearly all Europeans, the chief one being Miss O. Kaltenmark. The small section on music was contributed by Liang Tsai Ping.

The excellent bibliography at the end of the volume lists a large number of works available in French, including translations, and there are five entries for works which appeared in 1960.

II

Horizons de France is another publishing firm of repute, and they have just started a series of books to be devoted to the study of the Great Civilizations, the second of which will deal with India. On September 30, 1960, they published their first quarto volume, of 271 pages, entitled *China of Yesterday and Today*.

When the wrapper is removed we see a yellow cloth cover with the character *Yung* 永 coloured red within a black square. This character, which resembles that for water, but has an extra dot above it, means Eternity, and reminds us of the age-old wisdom of China. The work is destined for the general public 'to whom China is more famous than known', and the authors further observe in their preface that 'it is owing to mental laziness, and unwillingness to understand, that China has so long seemed strange merely because it was foreign'.

These authors are now both at the Faculty of Medicine in Rennes, France. Dr. Huard was formerly the Dean of the Faculty in Hanoi. Ming Wong is a Doctor of Literature, and knows four European languages in addition to Chinese. He is in charge of the *Ecole Française d'Extrême-Orient*. The co-authors formerly collaborated to produce the work '*La Médecine Chinoise au cours des Siècles*' (Chinese Medicine through the Ages), classed among the 50 most beautiful (French) books produced in 1959.

The present volume deals with the Civilization, Arts and Techniques of China, in fourteen chapters. The headings run more or less parallel to those in the Encyclopaedia, though there is further a most stimulating chapter on Chinese science, and another on the contemporary civilization in that country. Many Chinese scholars have co-operated in the production of this work.

The work begins with a quotation from the XVIIth century French philosopher Blaise Pascal (see my article in *Eastern Horizon* for March 1961):

'So "China obscures", you say; and I reply: "China obscures but brightness is to be found there. Look for it".'

This saying reminds one of the famous seventh century injunction of the Prophet Muhammad: 'Seek for knowledge, even in China.' The word 'even' is not derogatory, but is used on account of the enormous distance between the Arabian desert and the Celestial Kingdom. Strange how two great thinkers uttered such similar remarks at an interval of a thousand years. What other nation at so great a distance can claim to have had a similar renown in those days?

Our volume contains 600 black-and-white illustrations, some sketches and 33 colour plates; the latter include a charming shot of the interior of a sampan in Canton. Another colour plate shows Buddhist priests in red robes, and there is one of athletics in Peking today. Splendid snapshots grace every page, which makes the book a significant addition for the libraries even of those who cannot read a word of French. Photos range from views of dromedaries in Ulan Bator to Dragon Boats on the Haiho near Peking.

Unfortunately the 'Index' is no more than a list of the photographs in order of appearance. But then this serves to remind us that it is in fact a Picture-book of China. The bibliography mentions recent publications that have appeared in Peking, Moscow, London, New York and elsewhere in all the major Western languages.

F. H. R.

On Translating Chinese Poems

Chinese Poems

translated by ARTHUR WALEY
(Unwin Books, London, 1961, 6s. net)

Chinese poetry, both the richest and a heritage unique of its kind in the world, had been introduced to the West through the enthusiasm of their own scholars for over a century. While grateful for the favour during the interim when Chinese translators had been unable to do their rightful job, it seems time the Chinese should overcome their courteousness to register some gentle resentment over not a few of these self-imposed tasks.

The fashion first had been to cast them (the poems) into hymn-like quatrains in rhythm and rhyme, paying no attention to the original. Next came Mr. Waley with his simple blank verse. Here the reviewer in fairness to all, wishes to warn readers he is prejudiced against Mr. Waley's methods and so what follows may be tinged with injustice. Making his bow in the wake of the first world war when most English intellectuals had been annihilated, the escapism and language of Mr Waley caught the public fancy. Thus encouraged, Mr Waley has since been going blithely on, unawares perhaps of what the Chinese really think. The English public, naturally, in their ignorance of Chinese, have been led to believe Chinese poetry were really like that; devoid of discipline, *lu* tones, measure, rhythm, rhyme or music, just haphazard lengths of simple words, full of selfish escapist and nostalgic moanings, often insipid and watery, with little strength of purpose; in short invertebrates. Sometimes we wish Mr Waley had consulted some independent Chinese scholar who knew English, early in his career before his life work began! *

The essence of Chinese poetry rests in being able to be hummed and the *Chus* to be actually sung to a melody; on these standards Mr Waley's work, in spite of many a delicate and delicious line here and there, has missed somehow the essence.

Reading through *Chinese Poems* (Unwin Books) one finds them even more disappointing and prosaic than usual, particularly those of Po Chu-i and Tao Chien. Po's satirical

poems, the boldest written against official corruption in the language, come across flabby, with little distinction. Tao's famous pastorals in vigorous turgid ancient 5-characters, have been feebly stretched out, filleted of the moral fibre which modern scholars are discovering lying latent within those innocent rustic lines. Looking through the book one found but one piece that conveyed Chinese lyrical flavour in which the reviewer could readily recall the original. This was the 'Immeasurable Pain' by Li Hou-Chu, a *Chu* as a matter of fact. An analysis of the original with the translation is of interest. The *Chu* was after the melody *Memories of the South Kiang* which enforced strict adhesion to the number of lines, the number of characters in each line, the level or oblique tone of each character and rhyming. For the present purpose it is relevant to note the number of lines, characters and rhyming only. Schematically: the five lines of the very short piece had the following number of characters, thus:

3	
5	(1)
7	
7	(1)
5	(1)

Where (1) is placed after those lines that should rhyme; one set only. Mr Waley's version consisted of 11 lines of varying numbers of characters with six difficult sets of rhyming:

2	(1)
8	(1)
4	(2)
7	(4)
4	(5)
4	(2)
8	(5)
3	(4)
4	(6)
9	(4)
4	(6)

and his translation:

*'Immeasurable pain!
My dreaming soul last night was king again.
As in past days
I wandered through the Palace of Delight,
And in my dream
Down grassy garden-ways
Glided my chariot, smoother than a summer
stream;
There was moonlight,
The trees were blossoming,
And a faint wind softened the air of night,
For it was spring.'*

Actually the deposed king sang something like this:

*What regrets
Clouded my dreams last night?
It seemed in the old park we meandered as
before:
Carriages like a stream, horses in procession,
hurried by—
Spring breezes, it was, stirring blossoms in
the moonlight!*

Mr Waley's rhyme verse translation was mentioned in *The Times Literary Supplement* as a 'solitary example . . . so good that one wishes he had attempted more in this genre.' It is surmised that the writer had not read the original in Chinese. We praise it here, not because of its haphazard use of rhyme, but for its savouring the genuine Chinese article. Praises had been made of Mr Waley using 'sprung rhyme'. We are however undecided on the propriety of old English doggerel or plain prose being employed as a medium for translating Chinese poetry.

The next best translations are some from the *Classic of Poems*, notably those confined within a narrow range of diction, affording little play for indulgence in *vers libre*, e.g.

Songs of Courtship

(2)

*In the lowlands is the goat's peach;
Very delicate are its boughs.
Oh, soft and tender,
Glad I am that you have no friend.
In the lowlands is the goat's-peach;
Very delicate are its flowers.
Oh, soft and tender,
Glad I am that you have no home.*

Here Mr Waley had been compelled to stick to the original closely, being given no room to manoeuvre or deploy his sprung rhythm and we are given a good free translation of the ancient folk-song, though one misses the four-beat drum rhythm.

We apologise to Mr Waley for entertaining too great expectations. In these arid days, when, thankful even for small mercies, China is here presented with such largesse from a life-time devotion by a stranger with the single-minded purpose of interpreting Chinese poetry to the West, that we are overwhelmed and ask to be forgiven for any unkind words expressed.

Wong Man

* To be given the task of reviewing the selected poems of an established author whose authority is beyond impeachment presents no enviable assignment. Acknowledged doyen translator by the West, what do the Chinese know of English prosody to criticise it?

Here exactly is the point: because it seems the prior question should be 'what does the public in the West know of Chinese poetry as to judge whether a translation is fair or foul, apart from elementary syntax?'

One notices that in their interpretations of poems of the dead like ancient Greek or Latin or Persian, English scholars had been specially free (perhaps because the dead could not rise again to protest or contradict), whereas showing much more circumspection and respect in their dealings with a living language, French or German or Spanish.

Now please remember that *lu* Chinese poetry is still a living entity, far from dead, being composed in China today as in the heyday of the Tang emperors, and that the Chinese language is being studied by more people than ever before.

A good test would be to read translations before their native audiences (who must know well of course both languages) and get their reactions. The simplest one would be 'could they recognise the original of the translations?'

With not a few of these pieces, the reviewer confesses to a long latent period before he manages to spot them; perhaps that is due to his own stupidity.

ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

J. Hejzlar is a Czechoslovakian author and artist.

Cedric Belfrage, British author and journalist, has had an article and a newsletter published in previous issues of *Eastern Horizon*.

Husein Rofé is a widely travelled author and linguist. His article 'Oriental Appreciation of Noses' appeared in Vol. 1 No. 9 of *Eastern Horizon*.

The last instalment of 'Intimate Travel Notes' by A Modern Marco Polo will appear in *Eastern Horizon* Vol. 2 No. 1.

K.A. Abbas, distinguished Indian author of many interests has, so far, contributed two short stories ('The Boy Who Moved a Mountain' and 'The Dumb Cow') which appeared in *Eastern Horizon* Vol. 1 Nos. 3 and 9 respectively.

Keith M. Buchanan is Professor of Geography at Victoria University of Wellington, New Zealand. He taught for two years at the University of Natal, South Africa; subsequently became head of department of Geography,

University of Ibadan, Nigeria. 'Understanding Asia' which appeared in Vol. 1 No. 4 was Prof Buchanan's first contribution to *Eastern Horizon*.

Chang Ting is president of the Central Institute of Applied Arts in Peking.

Vlasta Hilská, Japanist, specializing in Japanese Literature, and History of Japanese Culture, Professor, Charles University, Prague.

Wong Man is a poet and doctor trained at Cambridge. His collected poems *Between Two Worlds* were published in 1956. He is also the translator of *Poems from China*, a collection of translations from Chinese poets both ancient and modern.

Lewis Gen is one of our staff members.

T. P. Amerasinghe is a prominent Ceylonese journalist, educator, lecturer and lawyer.

Chan Chik is a well-known Hong Kong photographer whose works have appeared in previous issues of *Eastern Horizon*.

Andrew Boyd is a British scholar and poet.

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Edmund Blunden
in *The Yomiuri*, Tokyo

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